

# The Critic

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VOLUME XVII }

NEW YORK, JANUARY 23, 1892.

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JANUARY 1st, 1892.

## 75th Semi-Annual Financial Statement

OF THE

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At Close of Business, December 31st, 1891.

CASH CAPITAL, - - - - - \$2,000,000.00.

### ASSETS AVAILABLE FOR FIRE LOSSES.

\$5,676,386.79

#### AS FOLLOWS:

Cash on Hand, in Bank, and with Agents,	\$668,379 93
State Stocks and Bonds,	30,500 00
Hartford Bank Stocks,	622,620 00
Miscellaneous Bank Stocks,	480,204 00
Corporation and Railroad Stocks and Bonds,	2,497,079 00
County, City, and Water Bonds,	350,390 00
Real Estate,	303,296 07
Loans on Collateral,	118,322 50
Real Estate Loans,	545,634 48
Accumulated Interest and Rents,	59,960 81
<b>TOTAL CASH-ASSETS,</b>	<b>\$5,676,386 79</b>

#### LIABILITIES.

Cash Capital,	\$2,000,000 00
Reserve for Outstanding Losses,	391,242 30
Reserve for Re-Insurance,	1,950,683 68
<b>NET SURPLUS,</b>	<b>1,334,460 81</b>
<b>TOTAL ASSETS,</b>	<b>\$5,676,386 79</b>

Total Losses Paid since Organization of Company.

\$29,027,788.02.

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# The Critic

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## Literature

### Prof. Norton's Dante \*

DANTE IS ONE of those writers of whom the world cannot have too much. *Invideo, quid quiescunt*, said Luther, looking round upon those who rested in the tombs of Worms, in the perpetual calm of an old German cemetery. The envious of Dante are those who wonder not at his 'rest' but at his inexhaustible activity. The spirit of Dante has passed into universal literature as a force that cannot die, buoyant, quickening, refining. He has become almost a Scriptural classic, and one loves to associate him with Elijah, Isaiah, Job, with the poetic patriarchs, with the Hebrew prophets and the fiery mouthpieces of Semitic wrath and asceticism. His thin hawklike visage has floated on down the ages as a physiognomy fraught with spiritual insight, inner fire, delectable vision: its ascetic features are touched with ecstasy; its eye burns with a radiance of vision; it sees what the shadowy cohorts seem to see that people the backgrounds of old Italian paintings with angelic faces. This great landscape unrolled itself in what Dante wrote—the Inferno, the Purgatorio, the Paradiso, the panorama of mediæval belief fused into a glowing gallery of infernal and divine pictures whereof the poet is the cicerone. The wand of Dante points to this and that mystic canvas, while the poet explains in exquisite musical cantos one after the other of the great circles of pictures that pass before him in the triple allegory. He is of those men to whom one becomes attached in youth and remains attached until old age,—a sort of golden millstone hung round one's neck, a haunting presence that will not be allayed. We well remember in 1869 listening to the rapt interpretations of Dante by Prof. Delius of Bonn, who had dropped Shakespeare for a moment to take up the mighty Florentine. Happy experience to be permitted such a privilege in the days of one's youth! Prof. Norton was even more fortunate; and this is how he explains it:—

TO JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL  
*E come sarè io senza lui corso*

It is a happiness for me to connect this volume with the memory of my friend and master from youth. I was but a beginner in the study of the Divine Comedy when I first had his incomparable aid in the understanding of it. During the last year of his life he read the proofs of this volume, to what great advantage to my work may readily be conceived. When, in the early summer of this year, the printing of the Purgatory began, though illness made it an exertion to him, he continued this act of friendship, and did not cease till, at the fifth canto, he laid down the pencil forever from his dear and honored hand!

CHARLES ELIOT NORTON.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., October, 1891.

It will be remembered that the fifth canto is that beautiful one in which occur the memorable words of Francesca da Rimini:—

*Quel giorno più non vi leggemmo avanti.*

It is in this way that the 'torch-bearers' light their torches from each other, as one Ilion bonfire signalled to another and caused new fires of triumph to be kindled on the hills of Hellas. The Asiatic fires burning westward

\* The Divine Comedy of Dante Alighieri. Translated by Charles Eliot Norton. Vol. I. Hell. \$2.25. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

kindled the Greek, the Greek the Roman, the Roman the innumerable tapers and torches of the Dark Ages, until Europe grew into the glowing day of the Renaissance and its point of intensest illumination leapt up in the 'Transfiguration' of Raphael. The Dante Society of Cambridge is one of these light-points kindled by the fertilizing spark emanating from the touch and brain of a few enthusiasts. The spell of Longfellow and Lowell has been over it for half a century. It has inherited the tradition of the children of light, and one of its finest fruits is this new translation of 'Grete Dante of Itaille,' as Chaucer affectionately called him.

Happily Prof. Norton comes to his task unhampered by any theory of 'rhythmical prose,' *terza rima*, blank-verse or iambic pentameter. What he modestly aims at is plain, entirely accurate, not unmusical prose, unencumbered with the trickery and trinketry required by verse,—Dante lucid, lofty, unstrained, muddy if you will here and there as Dante must inevitably be, but still the living, integral Dante, freed from the meretricious affectations and environments with which the versified translations envelop him. Thus we have not Dante *plus* somebody else—Carey, or Rossetti or Carlyle; but we traverse the whole 'Hell' in all its wondrous ninefold convolutions with Dante himself so far as his super-human spirit can be exorcised through the medium of a light and strenuous prose, sonorous at times but never sacrificing sense to sound. Thus we get Dante in daylight, not in the twilight of the gods or the poets. The effect, to be sure, is that of looking at an exquisite engraving of the San Sisto Madonna,—the color, the immortal breath and radiance may not be there: engraving is not the medium for this; but all the great lines and outlines, the grace and benignity, the essential sweetness and sovereignty of the glowing original can be indicated by the sensitive tracery of the burin; even its benign color can be hinted at. This is all we can expect from a translation, however masterly. How faithfully Prof. Norton has performed his task any one can see who follows him original in hand, and compares the new version with the great archetype. Points of difficulty there are, and passages in dispute; footnotes enlighten these, and the text shows studious reference to the researches of Dr. Moore, Witte, Longfellow, Lowell, Church, Bartoli, 'Philalethes,' and the commentators of the fourteenth century. The text is not overcharged with notes, which are often the reverse of the appendages to Mercury's winged heels,—a mere dead weight sinking a text to the bottom. As a specimen of the closeness with which the translation follows the text we select a passage or two from that tender canto over which forever lingers the rosy light of love—the canto in which Paolo and Francesca tell their woeful tale and break the heart of the sympathetic poet.

Noi leggevamo un giorno per diletto  
Di Lancelotto, come amor lo strinse:  
Soli eravamo e senza alcun sospetto.  
Per più fiate gli occhi ci sospinse  
Quella lettura, e scoloricci il riso:  
Ma solo un punto fu quel che ci vinse  
Quando leggevamo il disiato riso  
Esser baciato da cottanto amante,  
Questi, che mai da me non fia diviso,  
La bocca mi basò tutto tremante:  
Galeotto fu il libro e chi lo scrisse:  
Quel giorno più non vi leggemmo avanti.  
DELL' INFERNO, Canto V. 127-138.

Prof. Norton translates this famous passage thus:—

We were reading one day, for delight, of Lancelot, how love constrained him. We were alone and without suspicion. Many times that reading made us lift our eyes, and took the color from our faces, but only one point was that which overcame us. When we read of the long-for smile being kissed by such a lover, this one, who never from me shall be divided, kissed my mouth all trembling. Galehaut was the book, and he who wrote it. That day we read in it no farther.

'The true Shekinah is the soul,' said St. John Chrysostom. The soul of Dante lies in his book, overshadowed by

the twin wings of Love and Religion. He who would follow it in its windings and its witchery, and along with it the whole fantastic and sublime psychology of the Middle Ages, must welcome such a chart as Prof. Norton's to help him through those shining and turbulent seas.

#### "The Labrador Coast"\*

OUR AMERICAN Norway, which lies within a half-week's sail of New York, will some day be discovered by the builders of summer hotels. Every year the number of explorers and tourists increases, but few have told their tale. Now, however, we have a book which no traveller, yachtsman, sport-seeker, artist, naturalist or geographer can do without. Dr. A. S. Packard is the competent author, and his handsome volume is packed, but not overloaded, with just the sort of information wanted by man or woman hungry to taste the wonders of the peninsula. The name Labrador is rather forbidding, suggestive of toil and hardship, but Mr. Packard's pages tell of natural beauty, the charm of scenery and game and the delights of sport, and show a place for rest and recreation. Evidently, as the British summer pleasure-seekers have discovered Norway, so the Americans who read this book will delight themselves in a peninsula of nearly equal fascination on American soil. Dr. Packard writes of the discovery and of the geographical evolution of Labrador, tells of life and nature, and recounts his own tale of five several voyages to the country—the most enjoyable part of the volume. The recent explorations by Canadians and American college students, the civil history of the land and the peculiarities of the Eskimos are written of with an evident desire to be accurate. In the last four chapters the geology, zoology and botany of the coast are described; and a good bibliography and index are appended. The excellent map facing page 232 shows a rock-bound coast, but serves only to make the interior darkness more visible and to summon the explorer to do his work. Even the bibliography seems to show that the interior is unknown. We imagine that we are not far from the truth in stating that this is, for Americans, *the* book on Labrador. The boys who read, years ago, as the reviewer did, R. H. Ballantine's 'Ungava,' will enjoy in their more serious years this work of facts probably as much as they formerly enjoyed the fiction.

#### A Modern Troubadour†

'HE SHAVED WELL, he sang better. \* \* \* If France possessed ten poets like Jasmin, ten poets of his influence, she would not have to fear revolutions.' This is the judgment of Ste.-Beuve, and this has encouraged Dr. Smiles to compile one of the most touching and charming biographies we have ever read. The south of France has always been as full of poets as of grapes, olives and rose-plantations. The country is broken and picturesque, warm and mountainous, steeped in historic associations, the scene of religious ecstasies and persecutions, the battle-ground of Moor and Saracen. It is seamed with poetry and history, and it is the home of a warm-hearted people whose naïve natural tongue, richly mixed with Italian and Spanish idioms, turns automatically to verse and rhythm. The sunny Gascon, the gay Provençal, the many-colored Marseillais, the melodious vernaculars of the Rhone and the Garonne, are the natural vehicles of great settlements of people whose lives and souls turn as spontaneously to poetry as bees to honey. The nose and the rose are not more perfectly adapted to each other than the *patois* of Toulouse, Bordeaux, Nîmes and Carcassonne are to the poetical feelings of those who speak them. The twelfth and thirteenth centuries saw these triumphant *patois* rise like mighty fountains and send forth a torrent of crystal verse such as Bartsel and others in vain try to reservoir in their meagre chrestomathies: verse which flowed fervid and irrigating through Dante and Petrarch, through the

minnesingers and Walther von der Vogelweide, through Netherlands and upper France into chilly England, where it inspired the Norman *trouvères* and wreathed their song with the beauty of the South. Thus it flowed for two or three hundred years, gilding even the charming verse of Henry IV.; but gradually subsiding when the wonderful sap had apparently run dry. A silence of two or three hundred years ensued, when the spell was again broken and the tongue of Provence and Gascony was loosed anew.

At Agen about ninety years ago the old troubadour spirit came to life again in the person of Jacques Jasmin, a barber, son of a crippled mother and a deformed father, a tailor like Béranger and Jung-Stilling. These stunted bits of humanity, who lived almost by begging, had a son famous for his beauty, liveliness and intelligence, who at the age of sixteen took to the trade of Figaro, and became a barber, witty, wise and musical. A fine voice fell to his lot, and a handsome presence, and a 'velvet hand' withal, with which he outshaved any barber in Gascony, singing other people's songs for the amusement of his customers until it suddenly dawned on him, when nearly thirty, that he might sing his own. Jasmin began to rhyme, the Agenais *patois* lending itself with marvellous ease to his purpose. Soon little tid-bits flew about the town or floated in the country papers signed 'J. J.' and it was whispered there and there that Jasmin, *coiffeur*, was their author. One day a good angel alighted unawares at the door as Jasmin and his wife were having high words over his verse, Mme. Jasmin pouring forth her objections with the volubility of a geyser and Jasmin defending himself against the torrent as best he could. The good angel was Charles Nodier, the famous Parisian writer. He insisted on Jasmin reciting some of his work, was delighted, and encouraged him to go on. The result was a modest volume, full of melody, tinkling like a guitar with the music of the Garonne and the Pyrenees, somewhat imitative of the music of others, but full of feeling and originality. The Gascon dialect had not seen a literary vehicle for ages, but Jasmin, with only the little education he had picked up in the convent, went to work to mould it to his purpose, studying the old Gascon masterpieces, but studying above all the language around him in field, church, pothouse, at the forge and in the intimacy of the unlettered house. From all these sources he drew a tongue delightful, vibrant, various, expressive, wet with the tears and full of the laughter of the people. His happy Gascon genius revelled in metaphors, in narrative, in fluencies that poured right out of the heart, and in dramatic situations which he suffused with thrilling interest. Felicitously enough, he christened his first volume 'The Curl Papers' ('*Papillottes*'), having fallen into the habit of scribbling his verse on scraps of paper which he afterwards used in the barber-shop. Then he published 'Mes Souvenirs,' a volume of vivid reminiscences of his youth, which evoked eulogies from Béranger, Ste.-Beuve, Paul de Musset, and others. Longfellow and Lady Georgianna Fullerton produced beautiful translations of his next piece, 'The Blind Girl of Castel-Cuillé,' a poetical legend full of eloquence and power.

About this time it became known that Jasmin was reciting his poems, especially for charity; and then ensued one of the most astonishing careers of modern times: he literally became a rhapsode wandering from town to town and village to village, repeating in a rich and lovely voice, with all the passion and pathos of his land, and with artless yet powerful histrionic display, each of his longer poems and dramas, 'for sweet charity's sake.' The calls on him were innumerable, and the churches, convents, orphan asylums and charities built up or set on their legs by him were legion. He would accept nothing for his services except his bare expenses, and it is calculated that in thirty years he raised fully 1,500,000 francs this way. Soon all France rang with his praise: bishops and priests besieged him, the Pope bestowed a coveted decoration, he was summoned to Paris and crowned by that august assembly, the French Academy,

\* The Labrador Coast. By A. S. Packard. \$3.50. N. D. C. Hodges.

† Jasmin: Barber, Poet, Philanthropist. By Samuel Smiles. \$1.25. Harper & Bros.



being fêted first by Louis Philippe and his Court and then by Napoleon and Eugénie, made a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor and a member of countless literary and 'floral' societies, pensioned, bejewelled and bedecked, till his barber-shop at Agen became the wonder and delight of the neighborhood, with its treasure of golden laurel crowns, rings, gems, medals, and insignia showered on the benevolent poet. He still found time to shave, curl hair and write, producing in this busy period his masterpieces 'Franconnette' and 'Martha the Innocent.' He soon became known to English readers through the translations of Miss Costello, Miss Harriet Preston, Mr. Craig and Longfellow, and Dr. Smiles has appended excellent specimens of their work to this biography—one of the most eloquent and admirable works of the kind that has ever come under our notice. It is complete in nearly every detail, except that its bibliography does not mention a long article in *The Southern Magazine* of Baltimore that appeared nearly twenty years ago and was probably almost the first extended American notice of the Gascon poet. The Self-Help Series, of which Dr. Smiles is editor, is certainly wonderfully 'helped' itself by his account of this remarkable self-made man, rising to be the peer of kings, touching Parisian audiences in the most fashionable drawing-rooms to tears, and ultimately puzzling his contemporaries whether to crown him most saint or singer.

#### Mr. Dobson's "William Hogarth"

HOGARTH, though only a third-rate painter, and though succeeded by many cleverer artists, still holds an undisputed position at the head of what, for want of a better term, we must call the British school of art. He owes it to faculties which British art has always cultivated almost to the exclusion of everything else—the story telling faculty and one which usually accompanies it—that of observing and painting character. As a painter-moralist he by no means stands alone, but he is easily first. George Cruikshank, who perhaps comes nearest to him, was a much worse painter; and Goya, who was a better painter, was a savager and a weaker moralist. Though Hogarth does not seem to have cared much for any sort of beauty, and though his conceptions were anything but artistic, yet he valued his art as a means of expression. Almost entirely self-taught, he became a very capable draughtsman, and his insight into the ways and means that his brush afforded him was remarkable. In his time it required something more than mere sturdy independence to denounce the fashionable 'dark masters' and to paint in clear tones and with a frank touch. He carried his opposition to the received ideas of his time so far as to ridicule Titian and Rembrandt. It is not impossible that had his vigorous national sentiment prevailed over Sir Joshua's worship of the 'grand style,' the world might be the gainer. As it is, he remains, with Turner, at the head of English painting. The engravings of his various series of pictures, such as 'The Rake's Progress,' in each of which a continued story is told, of the March to Finley, 'Beer Street' and 'Gin Street,' and of many other famous works, have made him familiar everywhere. The morality of these pictures is of the homeliest sort; the humor, by which he intended to lighten it, to us seems often but to give it an added gloom. His is a heavy hand, and whether he is satirizing a starveling Frenchman or a Cockney sot, it falls with equal or nearly equal severity. But there is no mistaking its power. Hogarth will long continue to be admired as he has been in the past by Walpole, Lamb, Hazlitt and Thackeray.

Mr. Dobson's book is an extension of one he wrote some years ago for the Great Artists' Series. It gives a full account of the small incidents in the artist's life which help to display his character—his quarrel with Wilkes, his trip across the Channel, his walking and boating excursions, and, of course, his incessant output of sketches, engravings, paintings and caricatures. There are reduced copies of

many of his drawings and engravings, and the book is furnished with complete lists of all the artist's known works. Naturally, Mr. Dobson overrates rather than underrates his subject; but, as a rule, his criticism of individual works is judicious and helpful. The work is printed with large margins on heavy paper, and is supplied with a good photograph after the portrait in the British National Gallery, by way of frontispiece.

#### George Meredith's "Modern Love"

MR. GEORGE MEREDITH's poem, 'Modern Love,' first published thirty years ago, has lately been honored in this country by being brought out in a limited edition, large and small paper, and accompanied by a 'Foreword' from the pen of Mrs. Elizabeth Cavazza, who, 'listening to the general choir of poets, hears in the voice of Meredith a powerful and unique tone.' Mrs. Cavazza writes without 'chanting the Meredithyrambic,' although not without evincing her high regard and appreciation for the fifty poems that follow her essay; and she gives in a few paragraphs a general outline of the story told by the poet. The story is not a pleasant one: it is 'a grim lesson' indeed. The poems (which, by the way, are not sonnets even though so called, but stanzas composed of four quatrains each) present a series of pictures among which one of the best is this:—

We saw the swallows gathering in the sky,  
And in the osier-isle we heard their noise.  
We had not to look back on summer joys,  
Or forward to a summer of bright dye.  
But in the largeness of the evening earth  
Our spirits grew as we went side by side.  
The hour became her husband and my bride.  
Love that had robb'd us so, thus blessed our dearth!  
The pilgrims of the year waxed very loud  
In multitudinous chattering, as the flood  
Full brown came from the west, and like pale blood  
Expanded to the upper crimson cloud.  
Love that had robb'd us of immortal things,  
This little moment mercifully gave,  
And still I see across the twilight wave,  
The swan sail with her young beneath her wings.

Mrs. Cavazza's opinion of this cycle of poems may be gathered from this sentence:—"If time, even, that must load itself lightly as may be for its flight, should carry down to the future centuries only this of all Meredith's work, the author would not have cause to complain of misrepresentation." We agree with her.

We cannot refrain from speaking here of this work as a piece of bookmaking, and crediting it with being one of the most attractive books made in this country. This would be superfluous but for the fact that the volume was printed and bound in one of our smaller cities.

#### "The Blue Pavilion"†

TO REMIND the reader too plainly of some acknowledged masterpiece in one's own line of work is never good policy. But that is what the author of 'The Splendid Spur' does in his new novel, 'The Blue Pavilion.' In his opening chapters 'Q' recalls by a multitude of particulars, and not least distinctly by a last-century coarseness of tone, certain passages of 'The Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy, Gent.' 'Q's' hero, like Sterne's, is named Tristram, with a like play upon the meaning; his biography is begun with his birth, the circumstances of which are related with a minuteness again recalling Sterne; the details of his childish career are dwelt upon and the scheme of education invented by his self-appointed guardian is elaborated as fully, it would seem, as the author's knowledge of pedagogics would permit. It is impossible not to compare Captain Barker and Captain Runacles in 'Q's' Story with Shandy, père and Uncle Toby, and much to the disadvantage of the former pair of worthies, considered as artistic creations.

\* Modern Love. By George Meredith. \$1.50. Portland, Maine: Thomas B. Mosher.

† The Blue Pavilion. By Q. \$1.25. Cassell Pub. Co.

\* William Hogarth. By Austin Dobson. \$7.50. Dodd, Mead & Co.

Nor is this all; for, when we begin drawing comparisons, there are the Continental adventures of Roderick Random to set off against those of Tristram Salt: in short, 'Q' puts himself in competition with all the masters of the old English novel—Fielding, Smollett and Sterne,—and suffers by it. Far be it from us to bring a charge of plagiarism. His story is his own, and it is a very good one. The adopted son of two irascible old sea-captains who have fought against the Dutch are carried off from them by order of King William. Meanwhile, the son is discovered by his real father, a spy in the service, at once, of King William and King James, and is utilized as a blind in making his escape from soldiers sent to apprehend him. He—the hero—falls into the hands of the French who, because he can give no creditable account of him, send him to the galleys at Dunkerque, which are soon placed under the command of his father for a descent on the English coast. Meanwhile Captain John and Captain Jemmy reach the Hague to find that the object of their quest has departed; but they obtain the command of a frigate, are captured by the galleys, and at once recaptured by the British fleet which the commander of the galleys has warned of his approach. The fighting is almost Homeric in its lavish variety of cut and thrust, wounds and slaughter. The characters, though in the opening chapters a trifle wooden, become towards the end very much alive. The diction, if sometimes careless, shows no trace of the modern antique. But for the meagre account of Tristram's love-affair, and the chapters devoted to the education of himself and his young sweetheart, which are like an overcharged crayon sketch when compared with the delicate light and shade of the Shandean *Tristram-pædia*, the novel would be most enjoyable. As it is, 'The Splendid Spur' remains the author's best work.

#### Greek Literature, Mythology and Philosophy.

IN THESE DAYS, when it is the fashion to subject all masterpieces to critical analysis, students of literature return again and again to the great works of Greek genius with ever-increasing appreciation of their enduring value. It is noteworthy that in both England and America a revival of interest in Greek literature seems to be following close upon the agitation of the question of the study of Greek in schools. To say nothing of the new editions with which the presses are teeming, translations, handbooks and works dealing with Greek literary criticism are appearing in rapid succession. To cite only two instances in point, Moulton's 'Ancient Classical Drama' had barely left the press when Verrall's 'Students' Greek Tragedy' appeared, to be followed now, after so short an interval, by Campbell's 'Guide to Greek Tragedy'; Havell's 'Longinus on the Sublime' is hardly digested, when lo! Mr. Prickard publishes an elaborate lecture on Aristotle's 'Art of Poetry,' Prof. Cook edits and reprints Newman's well-known essay on the same subject, and the accomplished incumbent of the chair of Greek at Edinburgh treats this and kindred themes in a thoughtful volume on the Greek genius. The rapid broadening of the field of knowledge during the past two generations and the marked expansion of literary activity, especially in the lines of fiction and history, have no doubt in a way encroached upon the field of classical studies; but there are many indications that the Greek spirit was never more potent in the world than to-day. The friend of Greek learning has no reason to feel discouraged. Of the new books just mentioned, Campbell's 'Guide to Greek Tragedy' is well described by the title. It presents in narrow compass just what the student or the general reader wishes to know about the origin, subjects, dramatic construction and representation of the Greek tragic drama, together with some account of the great tragedians and their extant plays. The book is scholarly without display of needless erudition, as we should expect from the author of the excellent metrical translations of *Æschylus* and *Sophocles*. Especially suggestive are the frequent comparisons between the Greek and the English drama, which are prominent in the second chapter, on 'Tragedy Ancient and Modern,' but are also brought forward in other parts of the volume. The last chapter contains some good hints on the use of translations, and an interesting account of the presentation of Greek plays on the modern stage. (\$1 50. G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

MR. PRICKARD'S lecture on Aristotle's 'Art of Poetry' was delivered at Glasgow in 1890, and appears here apparently with some

enlargement, at any rate with two appendices, one of which contains a valuable bibliography of works bearing upon the subject. It is not so much an examination of special difficulties in the Aristotelian treatise as an analysis and interpretation of the whole work as a contribution to literary criticism. The author sums up Aristotle's conception of the poet's mission, especially in relation to the much-mooted doctrine of 'imitation,' as follows (p. 67):—'But on the whole view, and in his general work, the poet will be found to imitate feeling: he holds up the mirror to Nature, but it is a magic mirror, one which reflects the deep springs of action as well as the action lying before our eyes; not only the world of phenomena (if we may turn Plato's word against himself), but the phenomena as they appeared to the eye of genius; that is, the realities which genius apprehends and can alone interpret.' (\$1. Macmillan & Co.)—CARDINAL NEWMAN'S essay on 'Aristotle's Poetics' has long since taken rank among the best of English writings on the philosophy of literature. It has attracted attention less, perhaps, from its searching examination of Aristotle's doctrine of the plot than from the presentation of the author's own ideas on the nature and function of poetry, and his discriminating judgments on a large number of the best-known poets. It also emphasizes the moral element in poetry. Professor Cook has done well to republish this essay in a cheap and convenient form. He has added a brief introduction and a few notes, which are mainly devoted to references to parallel literature. (50 cts. Ginn & Co.)

PROF. BUTCHER'S work on 'Some Aspects of the Greek Genius' gives permanent form to several lectures and addresses, delivered mainly before University audiences. Two of them, 'What we owe to Greece' and 'The Unity of Learning,' are of interest as showing the lines of thought followed by a representative British scholar speaking in favor of Greek studies. The paper on the Greek idea of the state, as several others of the short pieces, contains nothing new, but sets forth the generally accepted view in a clear and pleasing style. The discussion of 'The Melancholy of the Greeks' brings forward more that is unfamiliar, and is one of the best things in the book. The latter half of the volume is taken up with an examination of Aristotle's conception of fine art and poetry. The limits of space preclude even a summary of the contents of this stimulating essay. No serious student of either Greek or English literature will wish to leave it unread. (\$2.25. Macmillan & Co.)—THE LITERATURE of the lately recovered treatise of Aristotle 'On the Constitution of Athens' is increasing with great rapidity, which indeed is not surprising when the importance of the work and the circumstances of its discovery are taken into account. Mr. F. G. Kenyon now follows his edition of the text with a translation. An introduction presents in concise and attractive form the main points regarding the discovery of the work and the discussion about its authenticity, together with an analysis of the contents. It is less technical than the introduction to the text edition, but not less thorough. In translating this 'Constitution' two methods have been followed by scholars. Kaibel and Kiessling in German, for example, and Poste in English (see *The Critic* of Oct. 31, 1891), have given a freer rendering, incorporating their own idea of the meaning often at the expense of verbal accuracy, and producing a kind of paraphrase, which may serve as a commentary as well as a translation. On the other hand, Mr. Kenyon, whose previous studies had given him the best possible qualifications for the task, adheres as closely to the original as regard for straightforward idiomatic English will allow. He has added footnotes on obscure points, noticing also the more important variations of reading. The result is the best translation of the treatise that we have seen. Mr. Kenyon intimates that his book is intended for readers not familiar with Greek rather than for scholars and specialists. It is safe to say, however, that there are few scholars outside the small number of Aristotelian specialists who may not consult it to advantage. (\$1.10. London: George Bell & Sons.)

'OLYMPUS: TALES of the Gods of Greece and Rome,' by Mr. Talfour Ely, is based upon a German book by Dütschke with a similar title. It is intended to be a concise presentation of the main features of Greek and Roman mythology. It contains some alteration from the German, and a few additions. Like the author's 'Manual of Archæology' previously noticed in *The Critic*, it shows better power of analysis than of handling details. It is marred by frequent attempts at fine writing. Sentences and even paragraphs occasionally run into metrical form, with an effect far from pleasant. Thus the opening sentence, without a single change in the order of words, may be divided into verses as follows:—

When earth in springtime clothed herself afresh  
With herbage and with flowers; when summer's glow



Withered alike the foliage and the grass;  
When the refreshing storm burst forth from the hills,  
Or winter's grim tempests wrapped the land in snow,—  
Then knew the Greeks full well  
That a mightier power than man's  
Guided Nature on her path,—  
A heavenly power, whose name was Zeus.

The appearance of this book so soon after the other, and the signs of literary inexperience manifest in both, invite the suggestion that the author is troubled with *scabies scribendi*. At any rate it is a pity that good abilities and scholarship should count for less than they perhaps deserve because of eagerness to rush into print or a yielding to the pressure of overproduction. The 'Olympos' is illustrated with a half-dozen good 'process' plates and numerous, mostly inferior, cuts in the text. (\$3. G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

THE COVER of Ellen M. Mitchell's 'Study of Greek Philosophy' is illuminated with a somewhat florid picture, in which a wild-eyed young man, with less clothing than is suitable for our climate, appears sitting at the foot of an ideal plant-stand, on the bank of a pond. A swan near by is seen making for the shore, while on the opposite side an impossible Greek temple rises into view. In perfect keeping with this illustration is the introductory chapter by the Rev. William Rounseville Alger on the 'Claim and Charm of Philosophy.' The body of the work gives a sketch of the history of Greek philosophy from Thales to Proclus, in thirty-six short chapters. It is a compilation of extracts and ideas mainly from Zeller and Hegel, patched together with some literary skill and a strong idealistic bias. The author states in her preface that she has 'consulted all the accessible authorities.' This appears to cover a few of the better-known handbooks and translations. There is not the slightest evidence that she has read even Plato in the original, or that she knows anything about the Greek language. The only word printed in Greek (p. xi.) is wrong. What would be said of a person who attempted to write a history of English philosophy without knowing English, or of German philosophy without ability to read Kant or Schleiermacher in the original? (\$1.25. S. C. Griggs & Co.)

A BOOK OF a different stamp from 'Olympos' (noticed above) is Dyer's 'Studies of the Gods in Greece at Certain Sanctuaries Recently Excavated.' Without attempting to present an outline view of Greek mythology the author has observed a kind of unity and continuity of treatment in grouping together the more ideal aspects of the worship of Demeter, Dionysus, Æsculapius, Aphrodite and Apollo. These divinities are treated in immediate relation with their most important centres of worship, upon which the excavations of the past few years have cast much new light. Mr. Dyer summarizes the results of the latest investigations in an interesting way. It is not with these, however, that he is altogether concerned. He has the idea that Christianity is deeply indebted, not merely for outward forms of worship, but also in the things of the spirit, to the Greeks and Romans. In his own words (p. 5):—'To the religion of Greece and Rome, to the Eleusinian mysteries, to the worship of Æsculapius and Apollo, to the adoration of Aphrodite is due more of the fulness and comforting power of the Church to-day than many of her leaders have as yet been willing to allow.' He has thus, unconsciously perhaps, taken upon himself the rôle of an apologist for paganism. This attitude of mind warps his judgment continually, and has brought him dangerously near misinterpreting the genius of Christianity itself. The writers of the New Testament (particularly St. Paul) did not hesitate to borrow terms from the Greek ritual, and even from the mysteries; but they always invested these with a new and higher sense. One who from the original sources has candidly examined the condition of the pagan world in the time of Jesus, and also the history of the development of Christianity, cannot have failed to notice how much higher the ideals of the faith of Jesus were from the beginning than the highest ideals of the pagan cults—unless, indeed, a higher meaning be read into these to-day than they really possessed. Then, too, from the beginning Christianity was primarily a life, only secondarily a doctrine; but the myths of Demeter and Apollo were to the end but pleasing fancies, with very slight bearing upon life. How much of the 'comforting power' of the Greek and Roman religion is manifest, for example, in the burial inscriptions, of which so many thousands are now accessible? To show that a thing might possibly have been is very different from proving that it was. But Mr. Dyer's book is full of interesting matter, and deserves a cordial welcome from those interested in the subject treated. (\$3. Macmillan & Co.)

## Recent Fiction

'RECALLED TO LIFE,' by Grant Allen, is a tale of crime, chloroform, instantaneous photography, double consciousness, Scotland Yard, electricity and love. The story opens with a murder which was not only mysterious in its mode and motive, but was also productive of at least two remarkable results. One of these was in the domain of psychology, and reduced the heroine from young womanhood to childishness, with oblivion in lieu of memory; the other was a photographic curiosity, by which the tragedy was reproduced in a series of panoramic views by the successive snaps of an automatic electric camera, the invention of the murdered man. One of these pictures, the last of the series, fell into the hands of the police, and showed the presumptive assassin in the act of making his escape through the window, his back and one hand alone exposed to view. The heroine's recollection of this tragic scene, of which she was a witness, is a complete blank, and the recalling to life mentioned in the title consists in the gradual steps by which her distracted globe becomes retentive by reason and memory. In the course of this process, which is made up of a string of eventful episodes, the proofs at different times point to diverse and startling conclusions of guilt, until at last the crime is laid very near to the heroine's own door, resting indeed between herself and a suitor whose existence she had forgotten in her general oblivion, but whom she again learned to love in her reincarnation. The denouement need not be laid bare, as enough has been said to show that the incidents of the story are sufficiently startling to insure the reader against somnolence. It is not unfair to presume that Mr. Allen was his own critic when in a recent *Fortnightly* he complained that most men-of-letters 'have to write things which perpetually offend their own philosophic creed, their own artistic sensibilities.' But of whom was he speaking when he exclaims, 'Britain pullulates with genius'? (\$1. Henry Holt & Co.)

NOW THAT Capt. Mayne Reid is but a memory and his stirring books for boys are somewhat out of date, it is good to find George Manville Fenn keeping up for the young ones a plentiful supply of exciting but clean and acceptable literature. In 'The Crystal Hunters,' he takes us up into the higher Alps and pictures a boy's adventures in the lofty places of the earth. The vocabulary and general point of view are English rather than American, and in places one imagines the writer has made up his story after diligent reading of the reports of the Alpine Club. Much of it, however, has the flavor of experience, and there are many moving incidents—certainly enough to hold the attention of young readers. The characters, English climbers (man and boy), their guides, the cunning cretin, the intelligent Swiss who is equal to all emergencies—all are well-drawn and consistent. The descriptions of the natural wonders of flora and fauna, the ice grottos and caverns shining with crystals are full of interest, and the dialogue is wonderfully lively—even when silence and breath would seem more valuable in climbing. (\$1.50. D. Appleton & Co.)—'THE STORY OF GOTTLIEB' is a daintily bound little book full of inspiring lessons. In it Dr. William F. Warren, President of the Boston University, portrays the struggle of a refined young German for the true ideal of life. As a student poring over books he finds while searching for truth 'only the cast mantle she hath left behind her.' Not 'content with guerdon of his toil,' he gropes for his ideal in monastic life; failing to find it, he rides over the hills of Palestine, and during sickness in the Holy Land, he at last attains it in the words of Jesus, 'not to be ministered unto, but to minister.' Indirectly the story is an eloquent sermon. The narrative makes an interesting picture of the storms of the spirit subsiding into the peace in self-renunciation. (Meadville, Pa.: Flood & Vincent.)

MR. W. M. GRISWOLD'S 'Descriptive Lists of Novels' includes Novels of American Country Life, Novels of American City Life, International, Romantic and British Novels. Of romantic novels those only are included that are, in some degree, historical. The essential element of an 'international novel' is, we should say after perusing the list, that it should have two American heroines, who are worshipped by a crowd of titled foreigners. The list gives short notices of one hundred and sixty-three novels of this stamp. At the end of his list of British novels, Mr. Griswold reprints Maurice Thompson's warning in *The Critic*. We have been able to note but few omissions, none of them important. (Cambridge, Mass.: W. M. Griswold.)—'THE FATAL REQUEST,' by A. L. Harris, is a tale of circumstances which point to a man as the murderer of a friend whom he had cause to wish out of the way; in the end the 'suspect' proves his innocence of the crime. Taken as an ingenious narrative and as an effort to create an illusion in the mind of the reader, the book is very cleverly put together, but as a story it is filled with horrible details, the gloom of which the

author has unsuccessfully tried to relieve by a flippancy which is meant for light humor, but which is in reality very tiresome stuff, being a vapid imitation of Dickens. We shall not disclose the nature of the Fatal Request, but the problem of the story was how to account for the bullet-hole in the head of a man who was supposed to have been killed in a railway accident while he was in company with a friend. (50 cts. Cassell Pub. Co.)—'THE YELLOW SNAKE,' by Wm. H. Bishop, having run the gauntlet of comment as a complete novel in *Lippincott's*, challenges criticism anew by appearing in permanent form. It is a well-told story of Mexican life, with just a sufficient number of hard names and italicized words to keep the reader constantly in mind of that fact. 'The Yellow Snake' is nothing less than a stream of molten gold, which at stated periods flows from the sides of a mountainous abyss, but which, being seen by the natives at a distance only, was deemed to be a living monster whose appearance boded ill. We do not mind telling so much, as the author himself makes no secret of it, even in the earliest chapters. Premising this sort of an auriferous reptile, a young financier from 'the States,' a pretty girl from New York and another of native birth, a conspirator or two and a periodic insurrection, we have materials which, if left alone in a printer's shop, would come out as a full-fledged tale of love and adventure. (\$1.25. J. W. Lovell Co.)

THE SEQUEL to Ossip Schubin's 'Asbein' is called 'Boris Lensky.' In the former novel Lensky's life and musical career were portrayed down to the moment when he lost that beautiful woman Natalie Assanow his wife, and for the first time—though they had long been separated—lost also the steadying thought that she lived and cared what he did. In this new volume Lensky has aged; he is no longer the brilliant, masterful Slav who brought audiences to his feet half through genius, half through a strange magnetic personality: he has grown gross and choleric, and his music has deteriorated with his character. He still has a fascination, a power despite his grossness, and a magic skill which to the last drew applause from those who best knew and despised him. But his influence was always evil; even his music had a baleful effect upon those who came within its spell. In this book his children have grown up. Too young when their mother died to feel the anguish of her broken life, Mascha and Nikolai—realize the genius, the lack of hypocrisy, the many admirable traits in their violent, tempestuous father's nature, and love him dearly. Here at least, in his new relations, he might have recovered his lost self-respect. But here again he failed. He was a slave to all that he knew to be most evil, and in the end he crushed his children as he had crushed his wife and his genius. The two volumes together make a powerful study of a character whose tendency is toward evil, but which will never fail to interest humanity because, in spite of sin, 'he was a man, fiery real from the great fire-bosom of nature herself.' The book is badly marred by its illustrations. (50 cts. Worthington Co.)

EMMA MARSHALL, whose name is associated with the very interesting story of 'Under Salisbury Spire,' has written another pleasant story that illuminates the period of the short-lived English commonwealth, and the troublous times leading to it. In 'Winifrede's Journal' we have the picture of an English orphan girl's life at Exeter and Norwich, in the days of Bishop Joseph Hall. Besides the lights and shadows of political and ecclesiastical events during the time of England's fool-King James, its pages reflect as in a mirror the varied scenery of old England. The hills and rich dales of Devonshire and the quaint streets of Exeter are set in contrast with the Holland-like landscape of Norfolk and the differing architecture and street-life of Norwich. How Puritan revenged himself on Churchman and the organized snobbery of the state church was offset by the brutality and desecration of the Cromwellians, are vividly set forth. The sorrows of the godly and fairminded bishop make deep shadows in the picture. The story is full of interest, which is well sustained to the end, and the book is well illustrated. (\$1.25. Macmillan & Co.)—PROF. W. C. KITCHIN, whom we take to be the same writer who furnished to the New York *Ledger* the story of 'Paoli; or, The Fall of the Christians' (in Japan), has turned his attention, in 'The Story of Sodom,' to strictly Biblical themes. In this new work he narrates in the form of fiction the incidents recorded in Genesis XIV. and XIX. He has made skilful use of the researches of modern students of comparative, and especially Semitic, philology. Besides this old world, which excavation and linguistics have unveiled to us, the Greeks and Hebrews of Solomon's time seem modern. While the Indo-Germanic peoples were slowly moving westward in the north, the Semitic tribes, in the south, were pushing towards the Mediterranean. The movement of Abraham was one of these episodes of history, and instead of a single leader of a small

family, we must picture him as a sheik at the head of a large tribe. Mr. Kitchin's portraiture of the ancient Semitic cultus, rites and ceremonies, the idols and the altars, costumes and decorations, and indeed of all the outward things, is rather more successful than his analysis or description of the characters. In a word, while the story is a fair specimen of how an ancient incident can be told in modern popular language, there is no proof here that the author is a great novelist or likely to become one. The illustrations by W. P. Snyder are good. (\$1.50. Hunt & Eaton.)

#### Magazine Notes

*The English Illustrated* for January has a varied table of contents. "Henry VIII." on the Stage, by Frederick Hawkins, has among its illustrations a clever wood-cut portrait of Charles Kean, a picture of the Kemble family in the trial-scene, and portraits of the actors Harris and Phelps in the part of Wolsey. The workings of a Lancashire tobacco-factory are illustrated by John Wallace and described by Joseph Hatton; and wolf-hunting in Russia is described by Dr. E. J. Dillon and pictured by Edmund J. Sullivan. Hugh Thomson has drawn the village choir, the parson and his wife and a quartette at cards for an article on 'Village Life in the Olden Time,' by Frederick Gale, which is further illustrated by copies of old cuts from Mrs. Barbauld's 'Hymns,' 'The Looking-Glass for the Mind' and 'The Adventures of a Pincushion.' Edith Sellers treats of the need of distinguishing between paupers and paupers—between inability to earn a living and unwillingness; and R. Catterson-Smith shows, pictorially, the evils of unassorted pauperism. Other illustrated articles are 'About Fruit-Ranching' in California and 'An Old Fife Burgh Town' (Dysart). 'Rural Simplicity' is a story by Barry Pain. The frontispiece is after Holbein. —*Biblia* for January reminds us how strong a claim archaeology has on all who care to know of the evolutions of human civilization from Assyria and Egypt. Prof. Hommel on 'Recent Progress in Assyriology,' Dr. Davis on 'Abraham in Egypt' and the Rev. W. C. Winslow on the social and business life of men 2500 years B.C., as illustrated on the walls of the famous Beni Hassan tombs, are among the features of the number. The notes are an important feature of this only monthly devoted to Biblical archaeology.

In the January *Macmillan's* an anonymous writer makes a rather forced picture, in very bright lights and very black shadows, of Andrew Marvell's life and poetry. His early, pastoral poems are all grace, all innocence; he was in the way of becoming a 'great poet,' until Milton and politics corrupted him, and he became a time-serving man of affairs, and a coarse satirist. It is hardly worth while discussing the modicum of truth that the essay contains. Marvell had not the stuff to make a great poet, and some of his best work is in his satires. What distinguishes him as a poet, and makes him readable at the present day, is his really brilliant conceits, which he wears as a country girl does her pinchbeck and paste, with genuine pleasure in them, and without conceitedness. As a public man he seems to have been industrious, honest and reasonably independent. His faults, in that capacity, were venial; and, as for the charge of coarseness, one gets tired, at the end, of hearing it brought by a race of finikin reviewers against everyone who has ever written anything worth reading. 'Hungry Children,' Mr. H. Clarence Bourne declares, must be fed, whatever conclusion we may reach as to other sides of the great charities problem. But he distrusts private aid, unless it is preceded by thorough investigation into the character and circumstances of the beneficiary. He believes, rather, in Acts of Parliament and in organized charities dealing with distinct and manageable portions of the total mass of wretchedness. The number—a very good one—contains the beginning of Mr. Crawford's novel, 'Don Orsino'; a lesson in East-Indian political economy, 'Harvest'; a description of champagne-making in the great cellars of Reims; an essay on 'Politics and Industry,' advocating very free interference by the State in industrial matters, by Thomas Whitaker; and a clever story, 'The Four Students,' by C. F. Keary.

#### Literary Necrology, 1891.

FOR A DECADE, at least, no year has equalled that just closed, in the mortality of American men-of-letters. Reckoning from our meridian, by far the greatest loss is that of Mr. Lowell (Aug. 8), though Mr. Bancroft, who died on Jan. 17, was perhaps as widely known. The reputation of neither of these was purely literary, inasmuch as both had filled conspicuous public and social offices; but they belonged to what is sometimes called 'the golden age of American literature'—a period which may look less golden to the next generation than it does to us. Dr. Holmes, in writing last month to Mr. Whittier, remarks that 'we are lonely, very lonely in these last years'; and well they may be, since their contemporaries (barring one or two mediocrities) are all gone, and they are



seemingly without literary heirs. To reproduce Dr. Holmes's apt and picturesque illustration, in his note to Whittier:—

We were on deck together as we began the voyage of life two generations ago. A whole generation passed, and the succeeding one found us in the cabin, with a goodly company of coevals. Then the craft which held us began going to pieces, until a few of us were left on the raft pieced together of its fragments. And now the raft has at last parted, and you and I are left clinging to the solitary spar, which is all that still remains afloat of the sunken vessel.

Though Mr. Bancroft was more famous, Ferdinand Gregorovius, who died on May 1, enjoyed abroad a reputation, unusual for a German scholar, of combining learning and literary skill in a high degree. James Parton, too, whose death occurred on Oct. 17, was a master of style—not a style which satisfied the canons of criticism or of good taste, but one which made his books eminently readable by all classes, and, with one exception, widely popular. This exception, curiously enough, was the work which occupied more of his time and thought than all the others together—his *Life of Voltaire*—which illustrates the thesis that industry, skill and love of one's subject are insufficient to produce a successful biography unless combined with that intellectual grasp which, as regards European conditions, Mr. Parton lacked. But his American biographies may be read by as many generations as Hume's England, and survive as many expositions of their inaccuracy and false coloring.

Another American historian removed in 1891 (June 3) was Benson John Lossing, who invented and successfully produced a new style of historical composition—that which united, in an agreeable fashion, fulness and accuracy of narrative with picturesque local description and contemporary anecdote. His fame was confined to this country, while the name, if not the book, of Alex. William Kinglake (who died on Jan. 2), was as well-known in France as in England. While his great work is too detailed and technical to be read through by any except military men, his indictment of Napoleon III. will always stand as a masterpiece of measured invective and biting irony. Minor biographers and historical writers were W. H. Herndon (March 18), Joseph Irving (September), Geo. W. Williams, a Negro (Aug. 2), and C. D. Yonge (December).

The tale of critics and historians of literature contains no first-class names, but includes Anne Charlotte (Lynch) Botta (March 23), who dates from the 'Knickerbocker period'; Harvey Goodwin, Bishop of Carlisle (Nov. 26), whose criticism, whether sound or not, was always readable from its vigor and snap; C. C. Shackford, a thorough student of German belles-lettres, for most of his life a Unitarian clergyman (Dec. 25), and Alex. Young (March 19), the lamented Boston correspondent of *The Critic*, who possessed in an unusual degree the art of making much out of little in the way of anecdote and incident.

The list of novelists is much longer, and includes three names of more than contemporary repute:—Jessie Fothergill (July), whose 'First Violin' will live, we hope, as long as 'The Initials' which it equals, and 'Charles Auchester,' which it far exceeds, in merit; Dr. Robert T. S. Lowell, known also as a critic and religious writer (Sept. 12); and Herman Melville (Sept. 28), author of 'Omoo,' 'Typee,' etc., whose fame is of the past rather than the present or future. Other writers in this field were Charles Wolcott Balestier (Dec. 6), Elizabeth (Croom) Bellamy (Dec. 3), George Cupples (Oct. 17), whose 'Green Hand,' published forty years ago, is still, despite the rise of Clark Russell, regarded as one of the half-dozen best sea-stories; Edwin De Leon (Nov. 30), remembered also for his descriptive book on Egypt; Mary Elizabeth (Wormeley) Latimer (Dec. 6), whose first novel of Southern life was praised in England 'before the war'; Mary Linskill (April), whose Yorkshire stories were sad but sweetly told; Prentice Mulford, of California (May), and Mary (Nicholas) Tiernan. Among non-English writers are to be mentioned the Spaniard De Alarcon (July 20), the Frenchmen Berthet and Du Boisgobey (who died respectively in January and February), and the Russian Gontsharov (Sept. 28).

The departed poets of the year—apart from Mr. Lowell—were few in number and, with the possible exceptions of Théodore [Faullain] de Banville (March 13) and the Provençal Roumanille (May), second-rate in ability. Lord Lytton's 'Lucile' is still read, and his gracefully concocted plagiarisms remembered, but his death (Nov. 24) deprived his country of an eminent man of the world rather than a poet. C. H. Lüders, a writer of clever and amusing verse, died on Jan. 21.

Of writers on political and social questions, Charles Bradlaugh (Jan. 30) was the most conspicuous. His death was followed by that of James Redpath (Feb. 10), of Dr. Howard Crosby (March 29) and of Don Platt (Nov. 12). Charles T. Congdon died on Jan. 18. In literary science, Alexander Winchell died on Feb. 19, Philip Herbert Carpenter on Oct. 21, and Geo. Thomas Bettany on Dec. 2. An appropriate end to any classified list is formed by Helene

Petrovna Blavatsky, the end of whose eccentric career became known in May. Our only other unclassified names are those of the English theologian Edwards Hayes Plumtre, and the author of musical biographies William Alexander Barrett.

## Boston Letter

F. HOPKINSON SMITH and Thomas Nelson Page have won the heart of Boston. As a rule, readings are not the most interesting form of entertainment in the world, but these two authors have certainly redeemed the elocutionary recital from much of its repute for tiresomeness. They have devoted practically the whole week to entertaining Bostonians, beginning their reading tour of the country in this city. Mr. Smith, with his energetic, active and elaborate style, is the more dramatic as a reader, but Mr. Page, with his simplicity of action and easy, flowing style of reading, is the more natural. They offer good contrast and so afford variety in the program. Each author, of course, read from his own works, and the six readings brought 'Marse Chan,' 'Col. Carter of Cartersville' and 'Meh Lady' frequently to the program, those works apparently being the favorites with the writers themselves. One day they read before the girls of Wellesley.

When Mr. Page introduced himself he declared that if anyone had told him in his boyhood he would sometime appear before a Boston audience he would have replied 'Yes, when the gates of heaven open,'—a new version, one might suggest, of an old-time simile of which Bostonians are proud in spite of the sarcasm of paragraphers. In an interview Mr. Page said he accomplished nearly all his literary work at night, finding he could work better at that time. His stories, he declared, grew out of some incident he had noted in actual life, or clustered around certain characters he had seen. Alluding to 'Marse Chan' in particular, he said that the origin of that story lay in an old letter he had found, written by a poor Georgia girl to her lover in the army, urging him to come home—for she did love him, she said,—but calling upon him not to leave his place of duty without a furlough.

Mr. Smith explained how his 'Col. Carter of Cartersville' came to life in these words: He had been asked to take charge of a department of 'After-Dinner Stories' in a magazine, but as he had no desire to compete with the 'funny-men' of the daily press, he declined the offer. Yet he thought he could write a book of after-dinner stories to collect under the title of 'The Colonel's Table.' The Colonel himself, however, grew on his hands and became so central a character that finally Mr. Smith let him have his way, so to speak, and become the entire story. Mr. Smith makes it his practice to do nearly all his literary work during those two hours so often wasted, from four to six in the afternoon. He uses his engineering skill in constructing his stories, working up a condensed plot and then embellishing it. An odd incident of the readings was the substitution, on the last evening, of a humorous selection for 'Polly,' because, as Mr. Page explained, a special request had been made him to omit the latter tale on account of its pathetic nature.

Mr. Curtis Guild, as President of the Bostonian Society, spoke a strong word for the preservation of our historical landmarks at the annual meeting a day or two ago. Mr. Guild is a thorough Bostonian, knowing the city and its history by heart and having its interests always in heart. He would not stay the advance of improvements, but he would keep intact the Common, the Old State House, the Old South Meeting-House and kindred valuable historical treasures. He also urged the movement to restore the Beacon Hill Monument, the first memorial erected to commemorate the events of the Revolution. The old monument, Mr. Guild declares, was not intended, as is generally supposed, to honor simply the heroes of Bunker Hill, but was intended to commemorate the events leading up to the Revolution.

The Harvard-Yale debate attracted a great amount of attention and resulted, according to general opinion, in a victory for the Cambridge debaters, though according to the terms of the meeting no formal vote could be taken. The Harvard men spoke for the Republican party, the Yale men for the Democratic. Gov. Russell presided, while Prof. Palmer and his wife Alice Freeman-Palmer, ex-Gov. John D. Long, Curtis Guild, Jr., Rev. Lyman Abbott, D.D., and other prominent listeners formed the audience. One of the Harvard men, R. C. Sturbridge—a curly-headed and rather humorous, round-faced, emphatic speaker—though a native of Brooklyn, has resided in Washington, Fryeburg, Me., and Denver, Col.; another, G. P. Costigan, vivacious in gesture and confident in manner, was born in Chicago and has lived in Colorado; the third, A. P. Stone, the only speaker to show a manuscript, is a native of Groton, Mass., and has spent his life in this State. The first of the Yale speakers, R. R. Upton, is the President of the Yale Union; W. E. Thoms, a handsome young man, is a Water-

bury, Conn., resident; W. P. Aiken, a quiet, slight-built youth, comes from Rutland, Vt.

The folk-lore enthusiasts of Boston, belonging to the local branch of the American Folk-Lore Society, are preparing a successor to their famous Chinese Theatre Party. This time they will attend a genuine Japanese Dancing Festival. Walter G. Chase, one of the bright members of Harvard's class of 1882, and Miss Alger are the prime movers in this enterprise, while among those expected to attend are Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Dr. A. Prescott Baker, Mrs. Henry Cabot Lodge, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Apthorp and Mrs. Montgomery Sears. On the 27th of this month the rooms of the Architectural Club will be turned into a Japanese salon, Prof. Fenellosa, the curator of the Japanese department of the Museum of Fine Arts, having the transformation in charge. The Japanese dancing-girls who appeared in Newport houses last summer, and a genuine Japanese juggler will amuse the assembly, and then there will be a Japanese tea with characteristic accompaniments.

The 'D. K. E.' flurry at Harvard has been settled. The Club has promised the Overseers to abandon all its offensive forms of initiation, including the branding of the arm, and the Overseers now put the students on their honor. I am told, by the way, that Mr. Garrison for a time withheld his famous letter from the public on the promise of the club not to buy any more beer (and the members said they used beer alone) for the initiation nights, but that afterwards, finding the spirit of the promise, though not its letter, broken by the acceptance of the gift of a barrel of beer, purchased not by the club but by an individual member or two, Mr. Garrison then put forth his denunciation.

Last week the oldest surviving graduate of the Harvard Medical School passed away. Dr. John G. Metcalf was a member of the class of 1826 and to day, of all the members of that class as well as of the four succeeding classes, but one alumnus is alive, Dr. Henry Dyer, of 1829. John G. Metcalf must have been one of the oldest of Brown alumni, having left that college in 1820, and one of the oldest of Masons, having been in that order for sixty-eight years. He died in Mendon, Mass.

Another prominent Harvard man, Dr. Henry Ingersoll Bowditch, died on Thursday. His discoveries in medical science and his scientific papers have made his name noted. Dr. Bowditch graduated at Harvard, with the Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, in 1828. His father was Nathaniel Bowditch, the translator of the 'Mécanique Céleste.' Dr. Bowditch was a prominent abolitionist, and of him Fred Douglass once said, 'He was the first in Boston to treat me as a man.'

BOSTON, Jan. 19, 1892.

CHARLES E. L. WINGATE.

### The Lounger

THE FIRST LORD OF THE TREASURY is to be petitioned for a pension on the Civil List for Mrs. Riddell, author of 'George Geith,' 'The Senior Partner,' 'Too Much Alone,' etc. Though she has written twenty-eight works of fiction, her income from literary work has never exceeded \$1350 a year, and as out of this she has supported herself and several relations, saving has been impossible. *The Athenæum* hopes that the American Copyright Act may increase the earnings of novelists of Mrs. Riddell's ability, but reports Mr. Charles Welsh of Griffith, Farran & Co. as having brought away from a recent visit to this country the impression that the United States is not going to prove such an El Dorado for authors as many of them think. 'In the days of piracy the works of certain authors sold by tens of thousands, because there were competing editions at ten and fifteen cents each. Now, when the publisher has a monopoly in such an author's book, he will issue it, Mr. Welsh thinks, at two or three and a half dollars; and naturally the circulation will be much more restricted in consequence.'

I SHOULD BE sorry to think that Mr. Welsh had made a correct diagnosis of the condition of things over here. I do not believe he has. America is the land of costly living and cheap literature. It may have been piracy that made books cheap, but Americans have got in the way of paying little for their literary entertainment, and it will be impossible to get them out of it. No one has recognized this fact more clearly than the American branch of one of the largest English houses. 'The History of David Grieve,' the new novel by the author of 'Robert Elsmere,' is published in London by Smith, Elder & Co., in three volumes, at 31s. 6d. (about \$7.50). In New York it appears in one volume, at \$1. What will Mr. Welsh say to this?

THE OLD ARGUMENT of our friends the pirates, that by stealing English books they were able to teach the young American idea to shoot at a minimum of cost to the young American, is suggested

by an experience the Pratt Institute Library in Brooklyn has just had with one of its habitués—a young man habited in 'clerical garb' and having 'the air of a student.' This thirster after knowledge had a love of theological literature out of all proportion to the size of his purse, and was irresistibly impelled to steal the books he couldn't purchase. Here is a newspaper account of his *modus operandi*—

His custom was to ask for several books and then return all save one, which he concealed in his clothing and carried away. There was no suspicion of him when the volumes were missed, until a detective was called in, who, while pretending to read, saw ——— conceal a book under his overcoat. A visit to his room disclosed the fact that he had accumulated a considerable library. The majority of the books were upon religious topics. The prisoner was committed to Raymond Street Jail for examination on Wednesday next. He is twenty-five years old and has been doing missionary work.

ANOTHER HUNGARIAN BAND has appeared upon the scene. It consists of ten pieces besides the leader, who stands up and plays the violin, the others taking the time from his bow. It is dressed in as gay a uniform as any of its predecessors have worn, and plays with all the fire and abandon we have come to associate with the name and appearance of these picturesque musicians. One who hears a Hungarian band for the first time is apt to wish that it would stop preparing and begin to play something. And so wild and erratic seem the time and rhythm, that the players appear always to be improvising as they go along, the lack of any written notes to guide them greatly strengthening this impression. The new band is a notable addition to the musical resources of the town. It was heard last week at Mr. Korbay's and this week at Mr. Frank Millet's. Still another drawing-room attraction this winter is a young Swedish musician who sings the folk-songs of his native land with taste and feeling, to the accompaniment of his harp. This is one of the season's novelties. Paderewski has been heard twice this month in the semi-privacy of Mr. Chase's studio, and is to be heard yet again at Sherry's, on Saturday evening, for the benefit of the Summer Rest Society.

THE RAIN that fell upon the skylight of Mr. Chase's studio on Monday evening was not a whit more liquid than the notes that fell from the fingers of Paderewski. It was a happy thought of one or two amateurs of music to arrange a few private recitals at which they could hear Paderewski at close range and with picturesque surroundings. The pianist's head and face harmonized much more agreeably with the Oriental hangings of Mr. Chase's studio than with the cold accessories of the concert stage. The eye as well as the ear was satisfied. Not the least effective points in the *mise en scène* were the ladies in the audience, who with scarce an exception were arrayed in full evening toilet. There were no high-reaching feathers to cut off one's view of the performer; and instead of a mass of wraps to gaze upon, one was surrounded by a sea of beautiful faces, necks, and arms. Between the parts of the program Paderewski retired to a little room opening out from the main studio, and like it hung with pictures and rugs, and the company moved about and chatted together most informally. It was all very pleasant. I am told that the fame of these studio recitals has reached Boston, and that Mrs. Whitman's studio in that city will be the scene of one of them before long.

IT HAS BEEN sought to coerce Mr. Lang into dropping the 'Mr.' from before the names of illustrious modern men-of-letters; yet gently but firmly he declines to be cajoled or cudgelled into such seeming disrespect. In *Longman's Magazine* he thus defines and defends his position. Hereafter it is to be hoped that even the redoubtable W. B. H. (who is still uncertain as to whether A. L. is a shrimp or a rivulet—or both) will let him go on calling English commoners by their common title.

The privilege of great men, it seems, is to lose the title which everybody else retains. But it is not so easy for us to drop the common courtesy when we have been contemporaries of famous people, perhaps have had the honor of their acquaintance. Our ancestors always said 'Mr. Addison,' 'Mr. Pope,' 'Mr. Tickell,' and so forth. Perhaps we may now drop the Mr. in naming those old heroes, but it would be very uncomfortable to write about 'Ruskin,' for example, or 'Froude.' We say 'Mr. Gladstone,' and 'Mr. Pitt,' we do not say 'Mr. Washington,' but there seems to be no harm in 'General Washington.' In questions of taste it is better to err on the safer side. The habit of calling everybody shortly by his surname, or his surname and Christian name, is not a very pretty habit, and is increasing. It might be affection now to speak of Mr. Addison, but I hope our generation may still be allowed, without offence, to talk of Mr. Carlyle, and Mr. Matthew Arnold.



OF HIGHER TITLES than that which belongs as well to Mr. Gladstone's butler as to Mr. Gladstone himself, Mr. Lang speaks with less respect than Mr. Besant, and *The Author*. He would not give a fig to be called Lord Andrew Lang, or even Lord Lang.

As to being made knights and baronets, who on earth wants to be called 'Sir' of men? Mayors, and brewers, and that kind of people, are welcome to these distinctions. \* \* \* But Sir Charles Dickens, Sir William Thackeray, Rudyard Kipling, K.C.S.I., Lord Stevenson of Apia, *risum teneatis amici!* These things are all matters of old custom, if Dryden had been made a baronet, and Pope a viscount, and so on, we might have grown used to the distinctions. But we do not envy physicians their bloody hands, and nobody of any sense, at this time of day, sighs to be made a peer, or pines for the garter, still less for the only too-appropriate thistle. \* \* \* Praise we all like; praise and pudding in the form which the Americans, according to Mr. Stevenson, call 'hoodle.' But titles we don't want, titles are exploded. If, however, titles were distributed, or C.B.'s, or any other initials, I fear the literary men who were left bare would not love the decorated members of their craft. Such is human folly, which needs no artificial stimulus. Official praise somehow does not seem to appeal to our desires. Rather would I be commended by the little boys of the bookstalls.

THE LOTUS CLUB has decided to go up-town, to 556 and 558 Fifth Avenue; and has adopted a resolution providing a way for the Fellowship Club to merge itself into the Lotos.

THE CHEERING NEWS came from Camden on Sunday that Walt Whitman was sitting up in bed and reading the papers. 'He expressed a desire to live and appeared to be as well, but not quite as strong, as he was four weeks ago.' His physician, Dr. McAllister, pronounced him as well as he was before his attack of bronchial pneumonia several weeks ago. Mr. John Burroughs wrote to me of Whitman on Jan. 4:—'I have repeatedly said that he would probably outlive us all. I was with him on the 24th, 25th and 26th of December, and should have thought his chances of recovery from his lung trouble very good, had not the doctors taken such a discouraging view of his case.'

UNDER THE HEADING of 'Theatrical Incidents,' Monday's *Tribune* contained this note:—

Miss Sarah Cowell (Mrs. Le Moyne) appeared at the Lyceum Theatre yesterday afternoon, and read selections from the writings of Robert Browning. This is an eccentric amusement, and Miss Cowell appears to enjoy it. She is a good reader, and people whose ears are not sensitive to the racket of uncouth words and consonant sounds are able to listen to her recitals of Browning's laborious verses and sometimes to fancy they are hearing poetry. Miss Cowell will read next Monday; but why not a selection from one or more of the poets?

Is it not a little late in the day—an hour too late, at least—to deny that Browning was a poet? Such a note might be looked for in the 'theatrical' department of the *Tombstone* (Arizona) *Rattlesnake*, but not in that of a paper of the literary reputation of the *Tribune*.

J. M. H. OF HARTFORD writes:—'The Friends of Mr. and Mrs. Clemens (all of whom read *The Critic*) are discussing, with mingled feelings of surprise and joy, an anecdote told by the Lounge last week. When they left here, last spring, they had but three children, all girls. I need not detail to you the various theories which have been advanced to account for "Master Clemens." It is enough to know of his existence. We shall at once cable our congratulations.' I told the anecdote as it was related to me by Mr. Poultny Bigelow, who has seen the family Clemens more recently than I.

SOME WEEKS AGO the *Times* printed the following list of books, valued in all at more than \$1000, which it said had been stolen from H. Sotheran & Co., booksellers, of London:—

Burns's Poems, first edition, 8vo, bound by Rivière, in maroon morocco, Kilmarnock, 1786.

Shakespeare's Poems, first edition, with portrait by Marshall, and the eleven extra leaves at the end, 12mo, bound by W. Pratt, in red morocco, London, 1640.

Jasper Heywood's *Thyestes* of Seneca, black letter, 8vo, bound in morocco, London, 1560.

Pierce Plowman's Vision and Crede, black letter, 4to, bound in calf, London, 1561.

On Monday last one of the literary notes in the same paper ran as follows:—

George Collins, a bookbinder, was indicted recently in London for stealing a printed book valued at \$400, the property of Henry Sotheran. He pleaded guilty. The book was a copy of the first edition of Burns. Collins had previously been convicted for a crime and was sentenced to twelve months of hard labor.

## The Creative Faculty in Women

LAST WEEK we collated the comments of a number of correspondents who had failed to be convinced by Miss Seawell's essay in *The Critic* of Nov. 27 'On the Absence of the Creative Faculty in Women.' To-day we reprint from the newspapers some of the criticisms on the same subject that have come under our notice.

The Kansas City *Times* declares that 'Miss Seawell, who is a Southern lady, inherits the courage of her race.'

A correspondent of the Boston *Evening Transcript* writes, in prophetic vein:—

I can see the wave of indignation that will sweep over Miss Seawell when her article has been fairly digested. What she says may be true enough to-day, as women are just beginning to assert themselves; but I don't believe that it will be true a hundred years hence—but then Miss Seawell will not be there to see, nor will I either, I hope.

The *Herald* of Aberdeen, Wash., rounded out its notice of the Holiday *Critic* with these words:—

The article is sure to stir up a perfect hornet's nest of women defenders of 'Woman,' and there are several weak places in the armor of her logic that will be pierced. Her opponents will be none the less severe for the soothing words that she throws in at the last to the effect that women have their uses, and are more satisfactory as mothers than men have yet proved themselves. The article, as a whole, is ingenious and not illogical—for a woman.

C. G. Du B. of Waterbury, Conn., the lady who asked on Jan. 16 whether Miss Seawell had forgotten her Jane Austen, sends this note:—

Now that the smoke from the fusillade of small firearms has cleared away, we can plainly perceive, I think, that Miss Seawell remains securely entrenched in the position she has taken—unwarrantable if it be. The arguments of the enemy have been singularly illogical, including my own, for the irrelevancy of which I do not apologize, since no professional critic deigns to read with care the object of his invective. The most effective reply has been made by a man. I congratulate Miss Seawell, and retire from the field.

The New York *Tribune* of Dec. 28 contained this editorial reference to the controversy:—

The Lady Managers of the Columbian Exposition have prepared an interesting circular explaining again the purposes held in view by the energetic women who are looking after one part of the big show. They hope to secure a representative collection from every country, so as to present an adequate idea of what women have done for the world in the arts, sciences and industries. The possession of creative genius has recently been denied to women by a woman who succeeded in making a fairly good case, and in calling forth no small amount of denunciation. Perhaps the women's exhibit at Chicago in 1893 may furnish important evidence toward determining this question which a woman—not her tyrant, man—has thrust upon the world. In any case, it is certain to be profitable and interesting.

Under the uncomplimentary heading 'No Genius among Women,' the Omaha *World-Herald* publishes the following editorial remarks:—

Molly Elliott Seawell, whose work in the way of fiction is winning warm comments, has an article in the last number of *The Critic* on 'The Absence of the Creative Faculty in Women.' She begins by saying that nothing has ever been done by them in the intellectual world which has the germ of immortality. Genius, she says, has been totally denied the female sex.

No man would like to make this assertion, because men have given common consent to admit women as fair competitors. Only a woman would dare say this, and it reflects credit on her mental bravery, and upon her perception of truth. The only women whom such a statement will anger are those who do not take the trouble to think, or those who do not fully appreciate how useful a woman may be without having genius. Not very many persons of genius have lived since the beginning of the world, and the *World-Herald* agrees with Miss Seawell in thinking that among these few there have been no women. Says she:—

Women have been scribbling quite as long as men have, and as the first result of civilization always is to give leisure to a certain class of women, they have had time enough, heaven knows, to do immortal work. But neither time, nor opportunity, nor transcendent knowledge, can supply one single spark of that magnetic flame which is superior to all of these things. But if woman's failure to create anything in liter-

ature is obvious, her failure to create anything else whatever is perfectly overwhelming.

And she produces incontestible proofs of woman's lack of inventive ingenuity. All this may be very discouraging to the woman who is merely ambitious and ignorant. To the cultivated woman it brings no sting. For such a woman knows that her work is too important to be affected by mere matters of vanity. She makes the men and the homes and the happiness of the world. What if she has never created a Faust, a Hamlet, a telegraph, a phonograph, an opera, a loom, a telescope, or a sewing-machine? The force put in her—more enduring than the force of man—is placed there for reasons which are peculiar and beautiful. Her work cannot be detracted from. The delicacy of her perceptions, the poetry of her aspirations, the magnificence of her sacrificial qualities, her unselfish industry, her ability to bear the pain of mothering the world, her courage, cleverness, affection, purity, hope—these keep the world in tune. The Dantes, the Miltons, the Carlyles, may make their black hells if they like, and call it genius. Women meanwhile are making laughter and love—and he who likes can judge which we could best spare.

The strongest word that has been spoken in opposition to Miss Seawell's views is to be credited to that doughty champion of the sex, Col. T. W. Higginson, whose paper on 'The Lilliputian Theory of Woman' we quote from one of the December numbers of *Harper's Bazar*, where it appeared in his department, Women and Men:—

It is impossible to imagine any task in the way of writing so safe and sure as that of the woman who sets out to prove to her own satisfaction that her fellow-women are, as Carlyle said of his fellow-men, 'mostly fools.' Everything is in her favor; for either she must argue well or ill. In the former case she will prove her proposition; in the latter case she will illustrate it. If she is a triumphant and convincing advocate, it is well; if she is inconclusive, evasive, ignorant, so much the better. Either she is the logical demonstrator of woman's folly or she is the terrible example; in either case, she can write Q. E. D. at the end of her proposition. No one else—unless it be an enfeebled American denouncing his country in a fashionable club-house—has the same advantage. The typical Algernon or Chollie can indeed say, 'If you doubt that this nation is reduced to a very low pass, look at me!' and can bring down the house by that simple argument. Chollie, too, will be glad to hear that even if his own brains are limited, those of the mother that bore him and the sister who vainly tried to coach him through college are more restricted still. So the body of ladies who argue against the brains of their own sex are sure not merely of their argument, but of their audience; and every dull youth who feels flattered and every bright girl who feels a little ashamed of her own brightness can be relied upon for applause.

The acknowledged queen and head of these disputants—she who has for twenty years held a contract, so to speak, for reducing her own sex to Lilliputian dimensions—is Mrs. Lynn Linton, of London. She alone has brought to the effort a great deal of wit, ingenuity, and the skill of a practised writer. Compared to her, the other experimenters on the same theme are crude and inexperienced. But even Mrs. Linton cannot hide the fact that it is really, if you stop to consider it, a great step forward in the progress of woman to have the contest rage round the question whether she has an adequate supply of brains. It is but a few centuries since the point of question was not so much whether she possessed adequate brains, but whether she was to be regarded as a human being at all. When at Wittenberg (A.D. 1671) a solemn academic debate was held between Franciscus Henricus Hoeltich, *Jur. Doctor*, who maintained the thesis, 'Fœmina non est homo' (a woman is not a human being), and Johannes Casparus, who maintained the other side, no doubt the Mrs. Lynn Lintons of that day, if they had been allowed to be present, would have clapped their hands in favor of the erudite Dr. Hoeltich. Or if they had been present when the discussion took place in print (A.D. 1595) at Halle between 'Anonymous,' who urged the same doctrine, 'Mulieres homines non esse,' they doubtless would have sided with him, and by no means with his opponent, Simon Gediccus, S.T.D., who wrote a 'Defensus Sexus Muliebris,' and thus took his share manfully in what was announced as a very pleasant debate (*Disputatio perjurunda*).

However painful it may be, we must admit that these ancient advocates of woman have accomplished something, and that the debate has now come down to the oft-discussed question whether woman has, on the whole, given as much evidence of genius as could reasonably be expected. Here the argument must be from history alone; and here again sophistry is always easy, because, whatever your thesis, it is easy enough to exclude all the inconvenient facts. For instance, you can set aside the question whether Mrs. Brown-

ing's 'Sonnets from the Portuguese' are to be immortal, inasmuch as none of us have lived long enough to test their immortality. Then, if you wish to leave out of sight an extraordinary instance of feminine genius that is truly immortal, you have only to omit the name of Sappho. The one poem in all literature that has probably been oftenest translated is Sappho's 'Ode to Aphrodite'; and as three different editions of her poems, with both the Greek and English text, have been published in England and America within six years—an honor accorded to no other Greek poet—we may fairly conclude that her fame is not waning. Shakespeare lived little more than two centuries ago; Sappho lived twenty-five centuries ago. Which fame has time tested more thoroughly? Which has travelled farthest on the road to immortality? Symonds says of her, 'Of all the poets of the world, of all the illustrious artists of all literatures, Sappho is the one whose every word has a peculiar and unmistakable perfume, a seal of absolute perfection and illimitable grace.' Swinburne, himself the highest living master of verbal music, says of her, 'Her remaining verses are the supreme success, the final achievement of the poetic art.' And yet we are called upon to read little disquisitions by youths and maidens on the genius or want of genius of women; discourses in which this wonder of antique genius is not even mentioned by name, or mentioned only to be classed with the 'Sweet Singer of Michigan.'

Again, the prominence of Jane Austen as the real leader of the modern realistic school is so unmistakable as to have pierced even the attention of Paris, always so deaf to English names. Cite her as a woman of genius, and the answer always is, 'But the test of genius is to create a character of universal acceptance—a Robinson Crusoe, a Don Quixote.' Very well. How many such world-wide characters has the last half-century created? Precisely one, and that one the creation of a woman! The one book that has been circulated by millions; the one book whose translations the British Museum has especially collected because they exceed in number and variety the versions of any other book save the Bible only; the book whose hero impressed profoundly by his personal qualities not merely the pious and the sentimental, but George Sand and Henry Heine—this book is 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.' Yet you will generally find it as conveniently ignored as Sappho is ignored, by those who write to advocate what may be called the Lilliputian theory of woman.

The truth has been told so often that it hardly needs repetition. Woman has been developed intellectually, as all acknowledge, later than man. The reason is simple: During the period of physical despotism this influence carried with it mental despotism as well, and the more finely organized sex inevitably yielded to the coarser. Over the greater part of the globe to the present day women cannot read and write. It was only in the time of George IV. that there was abandoned, even in England, the old law of 'Benefit of Clergy,' which exempted from civil punishment those who could read or write—the assumption being that no woman could read or write, and therefore that no woman should have benefit of clergy. A hundred years ago, in our own country, we know by the letters of Abigail Adams that the education of women in the most favored families went little beyond reading and writing. All this is now swept away; but the tradition that lay behind it, 'The Shadow of the Harem' as it has been called, is not swept away—the tradition that it is the duty of woman to efface herself. Mlle. de Scudéry wrote half the novels that bore her brother's name, and he used to look her up in her room to keep her at it; yet he drew his sword on a friend who had doubted his claim to have written them all. Nobody now doubts that Fanny Mendelssohn wrote many of the 'Songs without Words,' under her brother's name, but she was suppressed by the whole family the moment she proposed to publish any music as her own. Lord Houghton learned in Germany that a great part of Neander's 'Church History' was written by his sister, but the cyclopædias do not include her name. On the whole it is better to wait a few centuries before denying lyric genius to the successors of Sappho and music to the sisters of Fanny Mendelssohn.

### A Hobby of Mr. Lowell's

The *American Hebrew* of Jan. 8 contained this paragraph:—

The *Critic* has been devoting a great deal of attention, since the death of James Russell Lowell, to 'Lowelliana.' Our esteemed contemporary and its correspondents have touched so many points concerning the eminent writer, that we are tempted to ask if they can give us any information as to Mr. Lowell's interest in the Jewish ancestry of prominent American families. A writer whose pen has graced many of our magazines with prose and verse, in speaking of Mr. Lowell last year, said that to a question put to him as to what was his latest hobby, he replied that he was looking up the



Jewish family trees of Knickerbocker people, as he wished to trace the influence of Semitic blood in the development of America. So far as we know none of the persons present were Jews, and we therefore have been at a loss to know whether the remark was made in jest or earnest. Can *The Critic* or any of its correspondents enlighten us?

[We do not believe that Mr. Lowell was making any deep investigation into the 'Jewish ancestry of prominent American families.' Mr. Lowell's friends were, however, well acquainted with his peculiar interest in the Jewish race. Some of them have heard him hold forth by the hour on this subject. He believed that the Russell in his own name had a Jewish color, and he was apt to trace the talent and ability of many contemporaries, not known as Hebrews, to a strain of Hebrew blood. He observed the subject closely in the light of his social opportunities in Europe, and if he had ever accepted an offer which we believe was made to him at one time, to prepare a magazine article on the subject, it would have been of intense interest both to Jews and Gentiles. Perhaps Mr. Lowell carried his theory too far, for it was frankly a hobby with him, and yet his remarks on the subject were most valuable as well as entertaining. We hope some of his letters, which Mr. Norton will publish in the *Life*, may touch upon his convictions and observations in this line. Otherwise, it is all delightful table-talk and will soon fade from human memory.—EDS. THE CRITIC.]

### "The Countess Roudine"

'THE COUNTESS ROUDINE,' the new play by Minnie Maddern Fiske and Paul Kister, in which Mme. Modjeska has been acting in the Union Square Theatre this week with great success, may be described as a melodramatic comedy, and is far superior to most of the plays of its class which have been produced here during the last few years, on account of its freedom from gross exaggerations and absurdities and its possession of a genuine plot. The construction of the first act, which is supposed to be explanatory, is rather confused, but after that the interest is well maintained and increases steadily up to an effective climax. The device by which the final solution is reached is both clumsy and transparent, but the situation arising from it is strong and original and exceedingly effective from the purely theatrical point of view.

The story in itself is simple enough, although it is made the foundation of a vast amount of intrigue. The Countess Roudine, who is about to marry Count Sagenoff, a diplomat whom she once served as secretary, has promised to aid her betrothed in getting possession of a certain paper containing the signatures of the actual leaders of a Nihilist company with which his name has been falsely connected by his political enemies. The paper is supposed to be concealed on the person of a certain Prince Moronoff, the leader of the conspirators, and in him the Countess recognizes a former lover. Her affection for him revives, when she appreciates the nobility of his patriotism, and she resolves to save him. She induces him to surrender the paper, by warning him of his impending arrest, and proposes to destroy it and with it the only evidence against him, but is too closely watched by her betrothed, who follows her home and finally takes it from her by force and compels her to write a denunciation to the police. It is at this juncture that the weak device previously mentioned is employed. Sagenoff gives her the real list of names instead of a copy and then leaves her alone, thus giving her an opportunity of adding his forged signature to the compromising document, and putting him in equal peril with her lover. Thereupon Sagenoff owns himself beaten, as any diplomat would deserve to be, who could behave so idiotically, and everything ends happily.

Modjeska's performance of the Countess was elegant in manner, powerful in emotion, exquisite in tenderness and most brilliant in variety of expression. The conception was equally remarkable for intellectuality and truth and the execution for beauty of form and delicacy and firmness of finish. As a study of a woman fighting guile with guile, for love's sake, it was wonderful in its mastery of subtle and complex impulses. It was in the last act, where she was called upon to portray almost every emotion from the profoundest despair to the fierce rapture of assured victory and revenge, that she achieved her greatest triumph. Her very finest work, perhaps, was exhibited in the by-play preceding and attending the forgery, but her defiance of Sagenoff was also exceedingly fine. The impersonation is likely to find a permanent place in her repertory.

### "The Cabinet Minister"

THERE IS NO mystery about the comparative failure of Mr. Pinero's 'Cabinet Minister' at Daly's Theatre. The chief cause, doubtless, lies in the fact that it deals with modes of life and types of character essentially, if not exclusively, British, which could scarcely be expected to win general appreciation or recognition here. This alone would account satisfactorily for the coolness with which it was received after the first night, but another reason may be found in the ambiguous and unconvincing character of the piece, which seeks to combine serious comedy and broad farce, and is neither one nor the other. The 'lady milliner,' who sells bonnets by day under an alias, and goes into society at night, is an actual fad in London, but is unknown in New York, and to an audience unfamiliar with this particular phase of English life many of Mr. Pinero's satirical shafts, necessarily, would seem pointless. In spite of this it is probable that the piece would have been successful if it had been presented frankly as farce. As it was, the purely comical incidents provoked hearty merriment. It was a little too much to ask intelligent playgoers to take seriously the bill-broker, with his burlesque vulgarity; the bearded Highland baby, with his preposterous 'mither'; the infantile Earl and Countess, with their parental anxieties; or a cabinet-minister capable of profiting by such a dirty trick as that played upon Lebanon, but all these characters would have been excellent in farce. The comedy scenes in the play were admirable in themselves, but were ineffective owing to their farcical outcome. Much of the dialogue is in Mr. Pinero's best style, epigrammatic, pointed and witty, hitting fashionable follies in their flight with surest aim. That Mr. Daly's players performed their parts well it is almost needless to say. To be sure Miss Rehan was not in the cast, but Miss Prince proved herself an efficient substitute in a most unsympathetic part. The whole truth of the matter is that 'The Cabinet Minister' was written for London, and is out of place elsewhere.

### Cardinal Manning

OF THE THREE celebrities who passed away on Friday of last week—Cardinal Manning, Cardinal Simeoni and the Duke of Clarence—the first-named, Henry Edward Manning, was eighty-two and a half years old, yet his activity had suffered little diminution with the flight of time. He was the son of a merchant and Member of Parliament, and was a contemporary of Gladstone's at Oxford, as well as a life-long friend of the Liberal leader. A literary journal is not the fittest place to discuss the life and work of a prelate whose writings, numerous as they are, relate almost wholly to matters of Church and State; yet we must pay the slight tribute of this brief mention to a great mind and heart thrown with enthusiasm and tireless energy into the task of bettering the condition of mankind. Cardinal Manning's freedom from bigotry is shown by the fact that the Jews of London were among those who celebrated his recent ordination jubilee, and that the Salvation Army will commemorate his unselfish services. His death leaves Great Britain with no Cardinal but Howard, who is in an asylum. The list of Cardinal Manning's works (in the technical sense of the word, for his works of beneficence were past enumerating) includes 'The Grounds of Faith,' 1872; 'Temporal Sovereignty of the Popes,' 1860; 'The Present Crisis of the Holy See Tested by Prophecy,' 1861; 'The Temporal Power of the Vicar of Jesus Christ,' 1862; 'Sermons on Ecclesiastical Subjects,' 1863; 'The Temporal Mission of the Holy Ghost,' 1865; 'The Vatican Council and its Definitions,' 1870; 'The Four Great Evils of the Day,' 1871; 'Cæsarism and Ultra-montanism,' 1874; 'The Internal Mission of the Holy Ghost,' 1875; 'Vatican Decrees in their Bearing on Civil Allegiance,' 1875; 'The True Story of the Vatican Council,' 1877; 'Miscellanies,' 1877; 'The Catholic Church in Modern Society,' 1880; and 'The Eternal Priesthood,' 1883.

### Sir George Airy

THE LATE SIR GEORGE AIRY, who died on Jan. 2, had been Astronomer Royal (the popular title of the Director of the Royal Observatory at Greenwich) from Oct. 1, 1836, to Aug. 15, 1881—i.e., for forty-five years. He was born on July 27, 1801, and was therefore in his ninety-first year. He was graduated from Cambridge University as Senior Wrangler in 1823, and in 1826 published his 'Mathematical Tracts.' His 'Gravitation' appeared eight years later, his 'Ipswich Lectures' (the later editions of which are called 'Popular Astronomy') in 1849, 'Sound and Atmospheric Vibrations' in 1868, and a 'Treatise on Magnetism' in 1870. He was also the author of a large number of papers and articles (several of which appeared in *The Athenæum*) on literary and historical subjects. One of those in which he took great in-

terest was the various places at which Julius Cæsar started from Gaul and landed in Britain. He was President of the Royal Society from 1871 to 1873, and received the freedom of the City of London in 1875. He was elected one of the eight Foreign Associates of the Institute of France, and corresponding member of many other foreign scientific academies and institutions. He received the gold medal of the Royal Astronomical Society twice (in 1833 and 1846); the Lalande Medal of the French Institute; the Copley Medal and the Royal Medal of the Royal Society; the Albert Medal, presented by the Prince of Wales; and the medal of the Institute of Civil Engineers.

### Tourguéneff and Tolstoi

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

Again thanks for *The Critic*, and again permit me to comment on an item therein.

Who is 'Madame Wilhelmine Tourguéneff, widow of the famous author Ivan Tourguéneff,' referred to in your issue of to-day? Perhaps if you ask the question some one may shed light on a dark subject. I saw that item in the daily cablegrams, but passed it over, as I do many inaccuracies, hoping it would get itself corrected soon. As you copy it, it is evidently tenacious of life.

Ivan Sergievitch was never married. He had a daughter by a Russian serf-girl, on his mother's estate, whom he brought up carefully and lovingly in France, and whose marriage turned out unhappily, as we learn from his published letters. It was on the subject of this daughter that the quarrel arose between him and Count Tolstoi, as related by the late Eugene Schuyler in his article in *Scribner's Magazine*, 'Tolstoi Twenty Years Ago.' (I may remark that that article was not relished by Count Tolstoi.) Ivan Tourguéneff had no wife, and no sons that I have ever heard of. But, as there are others of the name in Russia, it is possible that a too-enterprising correspondent has been mixing matters; just as Count Tolstoi, the great author, was constantly being confounded (in America) with Count Dmitri Tolstoi, Minister of the Interior (one of a few scores of Counts Tolstoi), until the latter put an end to such errors by dying.

9 EAST 22D STREET, Jan. 16, 1892. ISABEL F. HAPGOOD.

[Up to the evening of Jan. 19, Miss Hapgood's receipts for the fund she is raising to assist Count Tolstoi in the work of relieving the wants of the starving Russian peasantry, amounted to \$700.06. This shows a growth of \$416 in a single week. The subscriptions are acknowledged in detail in the daily papers.]

### The Genesis of a National Lyric

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

At the time of the terrible naval battle in Hampton Roads, March 8, 1862, the Hon. John A. Kasson of Iowa—afterward distinguished as United States Minister to Austria-Hungary and Germany—was acting as First Assistant Postmaster-General, under Montgomery Blair. On the Saturday after the Monitor had met and driven back the Confederate ironclad Merrimac, in company with a few other persons Mr. Kasson took a steamer down the Potomac to Old Point Comfort, Va. The wooden Minnesota was lying there, pierced by shot and shell. The Congress had been grounded, fought, set fire to and blown up. The Cumberland, also a wooden frigate, had first been furiously battered and then fiercely rammed by the Merrimac, before sinking with all on board. As she was going down her young commander, Lieut. George Upham Morris, and his gallant crew stood by their guns, and just before the water engulfed them discharged their last broadside—the vessel sinking with the Stars and Stripes still flying. When Mr. Kasson and his party arrived at the spot all that was to be seen of the Cumberland was about ten feet of her topmast—with the American flag floating at the truck! Most of those on board had perished in the waves, but Lieut. Morris and a few of his officers and men succeeded in reaching the shore.

None but those present can imagine the emotions excited by such a scene. Under their fresh impulse Mr. Kasson wrote a description of the affair to both Mr. Longfellow and Mr. Whittier, begging that the heroes might be commemorated in immortal verse. I have no copy of his letter, but the replies he received now lie before me. Mr. Whittier wrote:—

AMESBURY, 22d, 3d mo., 1862.

HON. J. A. KASSON:—I thank thee for thy striking description of the fate of the Cumberland. I read it with deep emotion. I presume my Pd Dr. Holmes will make the event the theme of one of his stirring Lyrics.

Very truly thy f'd,

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Mr. Longfellow sent this reply:—

CAMBRIDGE, March 26, 1862.

DEAR SIR:—I have had the honor of receiving your letter, and am much obliged to you for the suggestion it contains. That whole affair is so complete a poem in itself, that I am not sure it can be improved by rhyme. But I thank you for the hint, and remain,

Yours truly, HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

Mr. Longfellow's magnificent poem, 'The Cumberland,' was given to the world in *The Atlantic Monthly* in December of that year.

IOWA STATE LIBRARY, Dec. 30, 1891. CHARLES ALDRICH.

### The Translation of "The Franco-German War"

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

The criticism in your issue of the 12th inst. of Field-Marshal Count Helmuth von Moltke's 'Franco-German War of 1870-71,' translated by Clara Bell and Henry W. Fischer, and published in this country by Harper & Bros., may mislead some of your readers, and so I have ventured to direct your attention to the following. The reviewer states that 'the translators merit praise for the excellence of their work.' In the November and December numbers of *The United Service Magazine* (London) appeared quite an extended notice of the book by Lord Wolseley; and as the writer did not pose in his customary rôle of a military critic his opinions may, in this instance, be valuable. Lord Wolseley has evidently compared the translation with the original, and points out numberless gross and inexcusable errors made by the translators, which in some instances place the author (von Moltke) in the position of one making statements not substantiated by the facts; in other cases the translation is utterly unintelligible. Lord Wolseley also states that it is unfortunate the book has been translated at all if no one could have been found more competent to do the work than the present translators. Is Lord Wolseley right, or is your reviewer? It is an important question for those desiring to read the book and not able to do so in the original.

HENRY G. SHARPE, Captain and C. S., U. S. A.

PORTLAND, OREGON, Dec. 24, 1891.

[In comment upon this letter, *The Critic's* reviewer writes:— 'I have just returned from a short leave of absence, and find your letter of the 30th ult. My first impression of the translation of "The Franco-German War" was unfavorable; but upon further consideration, my opinion was changed, in spite of some technical inaccuracies. These could hardly have been avoided by translators who were not military experts. They can be detected at a glance by a military man, and do not interfere with the clearness, so far as others are concerned. Would it not have been hypercritical to refer to them? I have just received the January number of the *Journal of the Military Service Institution*, in which appears an extended review of this work over the name of Capt. James Chester, 3d U. S. Artillery, who is an experienced translator from the German, and one of our best military critics as well. His opinion is as follows:—"The translators seem to have done their work fairly well. We have not the original of the work by us to refer to, and therefore would not state positively; but we hardly think that the author could have described the 200 guns which constituted the siege train at Strasburg as 'field pieces,' especially as he speaks of them on the next page as 'guns of the heaviest calibre.' There are several similar slips which will be apparent to the professional eye, but they are not sufficiently numerous to injure the narrative or obscure the facts. They are too palpable to mislead." I should be exceedingly sorry to be the author of a misstatement of facts in *The Critic* or elsewhere, but it is more than ever my conviction that "the translators merit praise for the excellence of their work."']

### The Washington Memorial Arch

MR. WILLIAM R. STEWART, Treasurer of the Washington Arch Fund, 52 William Street, reports the following additional subscriptions:—

\$250:—Henry G. Marquand (additional).  
\$75 each:—Master Lisenard Stewart Witherbee (additional),  
Miss Evelyn Spencer Witherbee (additional).  
\$50:—Archibald D. Russell (additional).  
\$25 each:—James Stewart Cushman, Benjamin H. Bristow, Miss H. L. Bogert, Jeremiah Abbott & Co.  
\$10:—Eppelsheimer & Co. \$5:—F. F. C. \$2:—Cash. \$2:—Cash.  
\$5.41:—Cashbox returns.  
Total to Jan. 16, \$107,230.73. Balance needed, \$20,769.27.



## The Fine Arts

## American Paintings at the Union League

A BETTER COLLECTION, for its size, of paintings by American artists than that shown at the Union League Club Jan. 14-16 has seldom been seen. A figure of 'Music,' by Albert P. Lucas, had notable qualities of drawing and color, and, with H. O. Walker's 'Echo,' showed that ideal treatment of the nude which is the principal glory of the French academic school. A 'South Sea Study,' by John La Farge, of a Fijian beauty in her bower, was attractive only as an effective bit of warm color, the brown tones of the woman's skin contrasting well with the dark green of the foliage, and the whole being brought into harmony by a few scattered scarlet blossoms. Kenyon Cox's 'A Solo,' a lady harpist in dark red dress, in the greyish half-light of a studio, was an excellent piece of quiet, conscientious work. Of the landscapes it was interesting to compare the vibrating atmosphere and play of color in Homer Martin's 'Headwaters of the Hudson' with the breadth and positiveness of Frederick W. Kost's handling in 'Dummerston Hills, Vermont.' Another very broadly tinted landscape was R. M. Shurtleff's 'Autumn Forest.' C. F. Ulrich's 'Bubbles' was a capital bit of *genre*—a schoolroom interior with girls at play. A. H. Wyant's 'Landscape,' H. W. Watrous's single figure 'Before a Duel,' C. Y. Turner's girls 'Gossiping' in a French village street, a moonlight and a twilight scene by George Inness, Arthur Parton's 'Apple-Blossoms' and Miss Emma B. Beach's 'Anemones' had much to recommend them. A portrait of Henry Clay, presented to the Club by Mr. Howard Lockwood, hung in the inner gallery.

## "The Art Teaching of John Ruskin"

THIS IS AN ATTEMPT, by Mr. W. G. Collingwood, to summarize, and in some measure to codify, his master's multifarious sayings on matters connected with art. He leaves to posterity the question whether Mr. Ruskin is entitled to rank with the standard philosophers; intelligent students of the philosophy or history of art cannot, at present, afford to ignore him. Mr. Collingwood, therefore, in abstracting, collecting, comparing and classifying Mr. Ruskin's utterances on the Nature of Art, Imitation, Generalization, Truth, Science and Art, Beauty, Imagination, and about a dozen other topics, to each of which he gives a chapter, feels that he is doing a useful work, comparable to what has been done for other great teachers by industrious disciples. He does not, however, succeed in entirely subduing his own personality; and Ruskin, as seen through Collingwood, is not Ruskin pure and simple. We should say that the pupil has but little real sympathy with art. He exaggerates Ruskin's moralizing strain, and he makes a distinct dogma (which Ruskin does not) of the subordination, in works of art, of beauty to truth. (\$1.50. G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

## Art Notes

WE LEARN from Paris that the American sculptor, Mr. Frederick MacMonnies, who has contracted for the erection of a colossal fountain at Chicago in connection with the Columbian Exposition, has made considerable progress with his work, and that a description of it will shortly appear in *The Century*.

—Mr. Henry G. Marquand, President of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, presented the Museum with \$50,000 in Government bonds about two months ago, and the fact has been made public since it was discovered that Mrs. Stuart had revoked a bequest of the same amount. The interest of the bonds will be used for meeting the deficit in the amount received annually for the running expenses of the Museum.

—The most precious articles left to the Museum of Art by the late Mrs. Coles are her tapestries. There is much silver and gold in the web of the five large sixteenth-century Italian pieces, known as the Antony and Cleopatra series, and the set is said to be worth \$50,000. It was originally owned by the Barberini family, passed to the mad King Ludwig of Bavaria, and after his death was sold to Mrs. Coles. The four Gobelin tapestries, illustrating scenes from Tasso, formerly in the Duke of Hamilton's collection, are valued at \$40,000. In addition to these Mrs. Coles bequeathes some French and Flemish tapestries. Among her pictures are works by Meissonier, Rosa Bonheur and Dupr , as well as a portrait of Washington by Stuart.

—Randolph Rogers, the sculptor, who died in Rome on the 15th inst., was one of the best known of American sculptors. He was born at Waterloo, near Auburn, N. Y., on July 6, 1825, and after engaging in mercantile pursuits as a lad, went abroad at twenty-three, and studied art with Lorenzo Bartolini, at Rome, from 1848 until 1850. On his return he opened a studio in New York, where he remained until 1855. In that year he returned to Italy, where

he has lived ever since. Among his earlier works are 'Ruth,' an ideal bust (1851); 'Nydia' (1856); 'Boy Skating,' 'Isaac,' and the statue of John Adams in Mount Auburn Cemetery (1857); and the bronze bas-reliefs on the doors of the Capitol at Washington, representing scenes in the life of Christopher Columbus (1858). In 1861 he completed the Washington Monument at Richmond, which had been left unfinished by Thomas Crawford. He made, also, the 'Angel of the Insurrection,' on the monument of Col. Samuel Colt, Hartford, Conn. (1861-'62); memorial monuments for Cincinnati (1863-'64), Providence (1871), Detroit (1872) and Worcester (1874); 'Lost Pleiad' (1875); 'Genius of Connecticut,' on the Capitol at Hartford (1877); an equestrian group of Indians in bronze (1881); the Lincoln statue in Philadelphia (1871) and the Seward in New York (1876).

—A portrait of Emma Eames by her husband, Mr. Julian Story, son of the distinguished sculptor, W. W. Story, is to be seen at Knoedler's.

—The offer has been made to the Society of American Artists of an annual prize of \$800 or \$1000, for the best figure painting exhibited, the founder of the prize to own the picture. The Seward-Webb prize of \$300 is for the best landscape.

—At a meeting at the Grolier Club on Monday, an executive committee was appointed, to aid in the success of the American Fine Arts Loan Exhibition, to be held in November at the Madison Square Garden. The proceeds of the exhibition, which is apropos of the discovery of America will be devoted to the fund of the Fine Arts Society. Daniel Appleton was made Chairman and William A. Coffin, Secretary.

—At the ovation to Mr. Whistler in London a short time ago the artists presented to their guest a parchment bearing 100 signatures and offering 'greeting to James McNeill Whistler, Esq., from his fellow-members of the Chelsea Arts Club: a record of their high appreciation of the distinguished honor that has come to him by the placing of his mother's portrait in the national collection of France.'

—The sixty-seventh annual exhibition of the National Academy of Design will occupy the whole of April and half of May. It will be opened to the public on April 4. Messrs. Samuel Colman, Louis C. Tiffany and Horatio Walker will attend to the arrangement of the pictures.

—The Deakin collection of Japanese and Chinese wares, the sale of which will begin on Tuesday at the American Art Galleries, had the luck to draw a certificate of merit from Sir Edwin Arnold. It, in fact, included very many good specimens of recent and contemporary Japanese work, and was notable for the evidence which it furnished that the native arts of that country are not dying out as fast as some would have us believe. The pottery and porcelain by Makuza, in the lower gallery, are fit to put side by side with the best old Japanese wares, and some essays in 'solid color' glazes by him fall not far short of the best Chinese wares. The modern enamel plaques, with flowers and birds, poultry and fishes, were very artistic, having much the appearance of a clever water-color sketch while the colors are still wet. The enamel vases were equally good as to technique, but the decoration is much fitter for flat surfaces than for the round. The modern bronze and iron work was all of it elaborate, and many pieces were good in design and artistically treated. The collection also included some fine old lacquers, Satsuma pottery, textiles and ivory carvings.

—At the same galleries were shown about seventy paintings and studies by the late Thomas Hicks, R.A. They included *genre* pieces, single figures, landscapes and still-life studies. The collection was sold on Thursday evening.

—Mr. J. H. Dolph and Mr. Hamilton Hamilton had on exhibition 160 of their works at the Fifth Avenue Art Galleries, last week. Mr. Dolph devotes himself to cats and dogs; Mr. Hamilton paints children and young women, if possible, with some view of sea or cliff as a background. In 'A September Day,' however, the two girls telling each other their secrets are in an old orchard, by a gnarled apple-tree. In 'Going Down to the Sea,' girl and child are on a high bluff among the sand dunes. 'Consider the Lilies' and 'Sunbeams' have been seen at the National Academy exhibitions. Mr. Dolph, like most other animal painters, continues the old tradition according to which it is not worth while to paint that most serious and dignified animal, the cat, unless you can turn her into a joke. Nevertheless, he can paint fur exceedingly well; and he evidently appreciates all of pussy's beauties, from the tip of her pink nose to the end of her tortoise-shell tail. His dogs are not so good; but then dogs, artistically considered, are very inferior to cats. At the sale of this joint collection on Monday and Tuesday evenings, low prices were the rule, the total receipts being less than one would have expected.

## Poking Fun at a Critic

[The Illustrated London News]

THE LEARNED question whether we should speak of being 'slated' or 'slatted,' when we mean that we are well and duly flogged by our critics. I would derive the term from 'slat,' a kind of ferule, but Mr. Skeat has another theory, which sounds mighty scientific. In any case, I have been well slated at last. I knew I deserved it; I knew it was long due, but the diversion of the experience I could not have imagined beforehand. The red and dripping scourge is in the hand of Mr. Walter Blackburn Harte, an American critic and a most energetic reviewer. Mr. Harte, or some other person who knew my tastes, has kindly sent me his critique, marked with big blue crosses. Unlike the plucking of Penderennis, 'it was done in public,' in *The New England Magazine*, a periodical which doubtless deserves to be better known. I am written down a shrimp by Mr. Walter Blackburn Harte, who appears to have a taste for natural history. According to Mr. Harte, I 'lack vertebrae'; but whether a shrimp lacks 'vertebrate,' or has a vertebral column of his own, one is too unscientific to know for certain. At all events, I 'write emasculated prose dribbled through with classical quotations,' and my engaging works are 'a rivulet of Mr. Lang meandering through seas of classical quotations.' He who was a shrimp is now a rivulet. The only rivulet that ever meandered through seas, so far as my classics inform me, was the fountain of Arethusa, and I am certain there is a classical quotation about it in Pindar somewhere, if only one could lay hands on that favorite author.

The humble, but not altogether heart-broken scribe who indites these lines is 'the *doyen* of modern English literature. God save the mark.' Whatever the 'mark' may be, whether the village community or something else, it certainly needs the divine assistance which Mr. Harte invokes, if his statement is true. The *doyen* signifies the deacon of the craft of English literature, probably. Whether for seniority or skill, one certainly did not expect to be hailed as *doyen* of modern English literature. Mr. Harte is really a little unfair to the country of Mr. Ruskin, Lord Tennyson, Mr. Froude and several hundred other persons of letters in England. He subordinates them all, by aid of his chosen *doyen*, to 'Mayo W. Hazeltine, the literary critic of the New York Sun.' It is in comparison with this powerful author that I am written down a shrimp—no doubt with perfect justice. 'Mr. Hazeltine does not collect his articles every quarter, and make dainty little books of them,' like the trembling culprit at the halberds. What a pity it is that Mr. Hazeltine does not do so! Then we poor insular barbarians would have a better chance of becoming familiar with Mr. Hazeltine's work and style. The light of the *Sun* scarcely reaches us through the Atlantic fogs. We cannot take in all the newspapers, and are content to read M. Lemaître and M. Anatole France, for example, in their collected essays. But Mr. Hazeltine has not given us the chance. My executioner says that I 'make dilettanteism a fine art, and make it pay,' and that nobody else ever did as much, not even 'Wainwright,' the celebrated poisoner. One is glad that he did not make it 'pay,' though that seems to be a terrible aggravation of the crime. Mr. Harte hopes that the Americans will not take to reprinting things that have been published in newspapers, because, among other reasons, the staff of the New York *Herald* is a 'lunatic asylum.' This is a very robust way of writing. Probably, if the maniacs can 'make it pay,' they will do as others do. Mr. Harte adds that I 'will be one day discovered'—'found out,' he means, probably. But I am. Mr. Harte has found me out, and I am pleased to promulgate the news of this revelation.

It is tempting to digress into the question, Why are some critics so angry with people who reprint articles that have appeared in periodicals? If the public is kind enough to purchase them, why in the world should they not be republished? Novels are republished, verses are republished, stories are republished, and why not anything else for which there is a market? The writing in periodicals would not be improved if it were expected to be done on a lower level than the writing in books. To compare great things with small, whales with shrimps, most of Hazlitt's and Leigh Hunt's essays originally saw the light in newspapers; and, as we know, the essays of Sainte-Beuve and M. Lemaître and Théophile Gautier are in the same case. Of course, this does not justify reprinting bad work, but it is not easy for a man to be sure that his work is bad, unless Mr. Harte solemnly and severely warns him, or unless the public declines to purchase him. The latter test is, perhaps, the more valuable, and they who reprint will probably wait for it, whether they be shell-fish or whether they be *doyens*. Meanwhile, like Miss Kendall's Trilobite—

I did not think, I did not know  
That I was a crustacean.

My mission, Mr. Harte assures us, is 'to amuse, and to avoid giving offence to anybody.' Well, that may be Mr. Harte's mission too; at all events, as he good-naturedly adds, 'he has eminently succeeded.' He has amused, and he has avoided giving offence.

Not all slaters are so entertaining as Mr. Harte; not all of them appear to put their whole souls into it, with a courageous conviction that they are proclaiming a hidden verity, like Athanasius, *contra mundum*. Thus it happens, for want of slaters like Mr. Harte, that it is not everyone who likes being slated. One has known authors who took it quite unkindly and tried to hit back. The worst of that, in a country of anonymous reviewing, is that you generally hit the wrong person, some innocent being, who neither read the book slated nor the indignant review. The reviewed are like the short-sighted man who was angry with an acquaintance and solemnly 'cut' him. Only he cut the wrong person, a casual friend, who could not understand what it was all about. This kind of offence often comes among the irritable race of authors. We know that Balzac hit back at Sainte-Beuve, smartly too, and the Laureate, in his salad days, hit back at Christopher North, without hurting him very much. Novelists are the people most to be pitied when slated, for they feel it extremely, and, not being reviewers, they have really 'no show.' To be sure they can introduce the reviewer as the villain in their next work; but it would need a whole regiment of villains to avenge the wrongs of a successful novelist. Then there is the chance that, while you make your villain a studied portrait of Brown, who, as you think, slated you, the operation was really performed by Green; and yet the innocuous Brown is handed on to posterity, for about three months, as a miscreant. There are mistakes on the other side, as when an Irish gentleman challenged the chief of all novelists (who had never even heard of him) because the fire-eater recognized himself in a person of the great 'Waverley' cycle.

Nobody kicked more at being slated than Thackeray, who sparred with his enemies in the 'Round-about Papers.' If he had not done so nobody would now be familiar with 'all the horrid things they said.' Byron, being slated, gave his opponents 'their kail through the reek.' Probably he was delighted to have a chance of imitating Pope in, perhaps, the last English satire which has any vitality. It is not to be expected that beginners and the young should enjoy being slated. They naturally assign too much importance both to their own doings and to the doings of their censors. As a great author says, *non est tanti*—nobody is noticing either the crime or the punishment with great excitement. All critics begin by being ferocious; they come in like the lion and go out like the lamb, weary of wasting their indignation. For this reason a review which wants to be read should be written by youths under twenty-six. There is no doubt that the public admires a slashing article, like that of Mr. Walter Blackburn Harte, for example. Let him slate away, and enjoy his youth. After thirty a man, as a rule, would positively rather praise a book than not. Meanwhile let youth do its slating, as the Bishop in the 'Morte d'Arthur' 'did the oath—in the most orgiastic manner that it could be done.'

ANDREW LANG.

## Current Criticism

AMERICAN HUMOR.—The very humor of American authors borrows much from the peculiar, shifting, sometimes ill-adjusted conditions of life natural to a comparatively young country. The *littérateur* of the States is trained and cultured to a very large degree on the literature of England—a country and a literature which is nothing if not conservative, which cherishes its traditions and social amenities with a devotion at once ludicrous and pathetic. So equipped, he turns his attention to the study of his native land and its idiosyncrasies. The outcome of this study is, almost of necessity, grotesque. On the one side are sacred traditions, genealogical charts, family portraits, broad and deeply-marked divisions in the social scale—all, in fact, that we are accustomed to associate with the idea of a stolid, conservative people. On the other hand all is confusion: no traditions, no family papers, no exclusiveness—little respect for such things. So that the humor which springs from a soil of this sort is, in the last analysis, a question of attitude, of point of view. English humor—the humor of Shakespeare, of Sterne, of Lamb—may be regarded as the humor of life itself, its incongruities, its strange contrasts; whereas American humor—the humor of Mark Twain, of Bret Harte, of Holmes—is the result of the flash of a keen intellect brought to bear on certain anomalous accidents of a young society. With the advance of time it must become pointless, meaningless, while we shall have Falstaff and Uncle Toby for ever with us. The reading of Miss Wilkins' admirable novelettes has led us to register the above impressions, derived from a lengthened acquaintance with American works of fiction.—*Dublin Freeman's Journal*.



**TWO NOVELISTS ON THEIR ART.**—Mr. W. D. Howells and Mr. Paul Bourget writing simultaneously on a matter which concerns their common craft, and admitting the same premises, have arrived at opposite conclusions. Mr. Howells maintains that in the drama of actual life the passion of love plays a comparatively unimportant part, and that therefore the prominence assigned to it in fiction is unvarnished and inartistic. M. Bourget admits the fact, and states the argument based upon it in language which reads almost like a paraphrase of the language of Mr. Howells; yet he positively refuses to admit its cogency, maintaining the tradition embodied in the definition of the novel as a story dealing chiefly with love. But M. Bourget defends the prominence of love in fiction, not primarily as a theme, but as an artistic expedient. The true theme of the novelist is human nature as a whole; but he finds that, as a rule, the nature of most men and women displays its characteristic outlines and expression most effectively for purposes of presentation when under the domination of this particular passion. The aim of the novelist is truth, and the most obvious means to the achievement of truth is the introduction of love, because (to paraphrase a familiar proverb) *in amore veritas*. There is some subtlety in the plea, but it is none the less a sound one. The power of strong passion to reveal in its entirety the nature moved by it has been pointed out by more than one observer; notably by old Thomas Fuller, who said; 'Physicians, to make some small veins in their patients' arms plump and full, that they may see them the better to let them blood, use to put them into hot water; so the heat of passion presenteth many invisible veins in men's hearts to the eye of the beholder.' To which Mr. Howells would of course reply that it need not be a passion of love; but as that passion certainly lends itself most readily to artistic treatment, M. Bourget might have the last word.—*The Anti-Jacobin*.

**A BROWNING CONUNDRUM.**—A belief was current in Mr. Browning's lifetime that he had Jewish blood in his veins. Such is the opening sentence of Robert Browning's Life, written by his old friend Mrs. Sutherland Orr, a sister of that admirable Crichton Sir Frederick Leighton, President of the Royal Academy. This belief Mrs. Orr declares to be unfounded, inasmuch as 'systematic inquiry' led to no information favoring it; but as Robert Browning's mother's name was Wiedemann or Wiedeman, she being the daughter of a Hamburg shipowner, settled in Dundee, Scotland, and as Mrs. Orr has no rebutting testimony to offer, while the Brownings themselves made no efforts to plant a genealogical tree—genius needs none,—I am inclined to put faith in a Jewish ancestor, solely on the evidence of Robert Browning's physiognomy, which was essentially Hebraic, growing more so as he grew older, and quite apparent in the portrait of 1889, a photogravure of which adorns Mrs. Orr's work. I never saw a nose like Mr. Browning's on any but Hebraic faces. Moreover, Mr. Browning's love of music, art and languages was very un-English; hence, circumstantial evidence is, from my point of view, clearly in favor of a Jewish ancestor. Having a high regard for the Jews I advance my faith with satisfaction, knowing how much Mr. Browning himself esteemed the 'chosen people.' But whether Jewish blood coursed in his veins or not, Robert Browning inherited remarkable characteristics, and stands out as the most virile poet of the last half of this century.—*Kate Field's Washington*.

**MISS DICKINSON'S POETRY.**—It is easy to see the interest of a character like this, but it is really next to impossible to see the merit of poetry like Miss Dickinson's. She had thought a great deal, she did little but think, yet the expression of her thought is immeasurably obscure, broken, unmelodious, and recklessly wilful. Like other very retiring persons, she was often in her correspondence extremely effusive. Her verse, at its very best, has a distant echo of Blake's, though it is highly probable that she never read anything of his. Poetry is a thing of many laws—felt and understood, and sanctioned by the whole experience of humanity, rather than written. Miss Dickinson in her poetry broke every one of the natural and salutary laws of verse. Hers is the very anarchy of the Muses, and perhaps in this anarchy lies the charm which has made her popular in America, and has caused Mr. Howells to say that she alone would serve to justify American literary existence. Fortunately that continent has a much more valid *raison d'être*. Readers of Miss Dickinson's letters will perhaps regret that the lines of this curious, shy, self-conscious, and expansive lady were ever published at all. She seems to have been a kind of unfinished, rudimentary Brontë, and her character is so unusual and interesting, that it is a pity her rhymes should make matter for mirth. Yet it is impossible for most people to avoid laughing at what is, frankly, so laughable. Unless all poets, from the earliest improvisers to the Laureate, have been wrong in their methods, Miss Dickinson cannot possibly have been right in hers.

Compared with her, Walt Whitman is a sturdy poetical conservative. Her only merit is an occasional picturesque touch, and a general pathetic kind of yearning and sense of futility.—*London Daily News*.

## Notes

**THE SUCCESS** of the translation of 'Joost Avelingh,' by Maarten Maartens, has induced the publishers, Messrs. D. Appleton & Co., to make an investigation of the field of Dutch story-writing, and the result has been so gratifying that they have undertaken the issue of a Holland Fiction Series, to be begun by the publication of 'Eline Vere,' a novel of modern life in the Hague, by Louis Marie Anne Couperus, a young man in his twenty-ninth year. Following this work, which has been crowned by the Dutch Academy, will come 'Suspected,' by Louisa Stratenus; 'God's Fool,' by Maartens; and 'Footsteps of Fate,' by Couperus. For this interesting new series Mr. Edmund Gosse has written an introduction on 'The Dutch Sensitivists,' which will appear in the first volume, 'Aline Vere.'

—*The Century* is to follow up its War Series, Life of Lincoln, Kennan's Siberian papers, etc., by 'a new, thorough, scholarly and yet popular Life of Napoleon I., by a distinguished American student and professor of history.' Such a work may well be undertaken now, in view of the abundant new materials furnished by the opening of the different national archives and by the recent publication of various memoirs. Thus far, it is claimed, no dispassionate biography of Napoleon has appeared in either English or French. The Life will, of course, be abundantly illustrated.

—Dr. W. J. Rolfe, editor of our department of Shakespeariana, writes from Cambridge under date of Jan. 17:—'The doctor orders me to bed, and says I must remain there all day to-morrow, if not longer; so you'll get nothing from me for this next paper.'

—Amélie Rives's tragedy 'Athelwold' will appear in the February *Harper's*. 'From the Black Forest to the Black Sea,' the series of papers to be begun in the same number, will describe the Danube River from its source to its mouth, as seen during a canoe voyage accomplished in the summer of 1891, under the auspices of the *Magazine*. The first instalment will be written by Poultney Bigelow, and illustrated by his fellow-canoeists, Alfred Parsons and F. D. Millet.

—Rudyard Kipling was married on Monday to Miss Balestier, sister of his friend and collaborator, the young American novelist, Wolcott Balestier, who died recently at Dresden of typhoid fever. The wedding took place in All Souls' Church, Portland Place, London.

—The Cassell Pub. Co. announce M. Renan's 'Recollections, Letters and Addresses'; Pierre Loti's 'Book of Pity and of Death,' translated by T. P. O'Connor, M.P.; 'My Lady's Dressing-Room,' by Baronne Staffe, adapted by Harriet Hubbard Ayer; Daudet's new novel, 'Rose and Nitette'; 'Indian Idyls,' by an Idle Exile; and 'Gabriel's Vocation,' by Camille Debans, translated by Mrs. Serrano. They have issued this week 'Pretty Michal,' by Maurus Jókai; and, in the Unknown Library, 'Through The Red-Litten Windows, and The Old River House,' stories by Theodor Hertz-Garten.

—Dr. Albert Shaw, writing of 'A Model Working-Girls' Club,' in the February *Scribner's*, describes the Polytechnic Young Women's Institute of London, founded in 1888. He says:—

It may interest Americans to know that for some time past the Institute's savings-bank books have been opened for the special deposits of young men and women who propose to visit America to attend the World's Columbian Exposition in 1893; and when the time comes we shall undoubtedly have the pleasure of welcoming to our shores several hundreds of these young people who wear the badges of the Regent Street and Langham Place Institutes.

—The fourth volume of the Memoirs of Talleyrand, recently brought out in Paris, is a collection of diplomatic documents, 'tied together by commentaries which have lost much of their interest at this distance from the events.' They relate wholly to the London Conference which followed the Revolution of 1830, and which had for its object the settlement of the affairs of Belgium.

—Christopher Pearse Cranch, the poet, translator and essayist, died on Wednesday at Cambridge, Mass., in his seventy-ninth year. To-day we can only record the fact, with sincere regret; next week we shall print a sketch of Mr. Cranch's life, with some criticism of his work.

—To the February *North American* Mr. Gladstone will contribute the first of four papers on the Olympian religion; 'Boss' Croker an article on Tammany Hall and the Democracy. Other features of the number will be 'How to Attack the Tariff,' by

Chairman Springer of the Ways and Means Committee, and 'A Claim for American Literature,' by Clark Russell.

—It was supposed that only two copies of Matthew Arnold's prize poem, 'Alaric,' were in existence, but a third has come to light. The owner recently said that when he was a small boy at Rugby he heard Arnold recite the poem, 'rapturously admired it,' and bought then and there a copy, which he still possesses.

—The son of Dickens who was named after Tennyson has been lecturing in Australia on the life of his father. He was the first of the sons to emigrate, being two or three years in Australia before his younger brother, E. B. L. Dickens, Member of Parliament for Wilcannia, joined him. They entered into partnership, and are said to have done well as stock and station agents.

—The New York Free Circulating Library, to whose appeal for financial aid we recently called attention, shows by its twelfth annual report that it has received from the City Treasury during the past three years \$17,500 less than the Board of Estimate was authorized to give it. Its expenses in 1891 exceeded by \$3664 those of the preceding year; it came into possession of 4293 more volumes than it owned in 1890, making the present total 58,125; and circulated through its main library building and four branches 412,718 volumes, an increase of 10,523 over 1890. It is deemed advisable to move the Bond Street library farther up town.

—On reading the notice of Bourdillon's "Ailes d'Alouette" in the Holiday Number of *The Critic*, writes a correspondent at San Diego, Cal., 'I wondered if many of your readers were aware that the gem of them all, "The Night has a Thousand Eyes," had been set to music, in the happiest possible manner, by Albert Ross Parsons, the well-known musician and writer. The verses were clipped from a newspaper, years ago, probably when they were first being printed, and were unsigned. They were handed to Mr. Parsons, and in half an hour the musical setting was completed. The words as now printed differ slightly, however, from the earlier version.'

—D. Appleton & Co. announce Prof. Tyndall's 'New Fragments'; 'Evolution in Science, Philosophy and Art,' by John Fiske and others, with a letter from Herbert Spencer; and 'The Horse: A Study in Natural History,' by Wm. H. Flower, Director of the British Natural History Museum; and 'The Dog in Health and Disease,' by Dr. Wesley Mills.

—'I am told,' writes the London correspondent of the Leeds *Mercury*, 'that Lord Tennyson is much annoyed by Sir E. Arnold's recent article describing a visit which he paid to the Poet-Laureate. When Lord Tennyson talked freely and without restraint to his brother poet, he had no idea that he was being interviewed. He of all men hates to have his private conversation and his personal doings paraded in a magazine.'

—'What really implies a revolution in modes of thought,' says *The Athenaeum*, 'is that the Sultan and Caliph, besides allowing printed copies of the Koran, has sent a number of them to the holy land of Arabia and to the island of Kamaran. It is not long ago that no Frank was allowed to touch a written Koran in Constantinople, either in a mosque or a Mussulman bookseller's shop.'

—Jean Louis Armand de Quatrefoies de Breau, the well-known French naturalist and Director of the Museum of Natural History, died on Jan. 12 of influenza. He was born at Valleraugue, De-

partment of Gard, on Feb. 10, 1810, and completed his education at Strasburg, where he took the degree of M.D. His papers on natural history were republished from the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. To one of his latest works, 'The Prussian Race Ethnologically Considered,' he appended 'Some Account of the Bombardment of the Museum of Natural History by the Prussians in January, 1871.' He was a member of many learned societies at home and abroad, and had received innumerable honors.

—*Figaro* gives some extracts from M. Paul Langlé's forthcoming book on the late Prince Napoleon ('Plon Plon'). One goes to show how methodical were his habits:—

His business-like habits were astonishing. They were shown in the most trivial matters; such as the putting in its place, almost mechanically, the pen you had just used and carelessly laid down. He disliked people touching his books; for his library was methodically classified, and he distrusted those friends who dragged books on to the table and put them back on the first shelf that came to hand. Whatever might be thought by some intimate friends who did not readily conform to his habits, his passion for order and regularity was not a futile mania, but was the outcome of his great love of tidiness. His order was practical and not a mere fancy. He had only to look at a little pocket-book he always carried about with him to know exactly how his finances stood. When one day I expressed my surprise at this precision, he said to me:—'It isn't a bad idea, and it ought not to be more difficult to do the same for the fortune of France. A good ruler should always be able to know the state of his country's finances within a few millions of francs.'

### Publications Received

RECEIPT of new publications is acknowledged in this column. Further notice of any work will depend upon its interest and importance. When no address is given the publication is issued in New York.]

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|---|--------------------------------|
| Allen, G. The Duchess of Powysland. \$1.                                    | U. S. Book Co.                 |
| Bailey, W. E. Classical Poems. \$1.   | Cincinnati: Robt. Clarke & Co. |
| Berdoe, E. The Browning Cyclopædia. \$3.50.                                 | Macmillan & Co.                |
| Bourget, P. Pastels of Men. Tr. by K. P. Wormeley. \$1.                     | Boston: Roberts Bros.          |
| Choate, I. B. Wells of English. \$1.50.                                     | Boston: Roberts Bros.          |
| Cumming, C. F. G. Two Happy Years in Ceylon. 2 vols. \$9.                   | Charles Scribner's Sons.       |
| Cyclopædia of Nature Teachings. Ed. by H. Macmillan. \$2.50.                | Thos. Whitaker.                |
| Deacon, The. A Reporter's Romance. 25c.                                     | Rand, McNally & Co.            |
| Dod's Peerage, Baronage and Knighthood. \$3.75.                             | Macmillan & Co.                |
| Epictetus. Discourses. Tr. by G. Long. \$1.                                 | G. P. Putnam's Sons.           |
| Everhart, J. R. By Boat and Rail. \$1.25.                                   | G. P. Putnam's Sons.           |
| Foster, H. A. Zululu. \$1.  | G. P. Putnam's Sons.           |
| Garden and Forest. 1891. Vol. IV.   | Garden and Forest Pub. Co.     |
| Hard Life in the Colonies. Ed. by C. C. Jenkins. \$1.50.                    | Macmillan & Co.                |
| Heathcote, J. M., etc. Skating, Figure Skating, etc.                        | Boston: Little, Brown & Co.    |
| Hertz-Garten, T. Through the Red-Litten Windows. 50c.                       | Cassell Pub. Co.               |
| Indian Idylls. By an Idle Exile. 50c.                                       | Cassell Pub. Co.               |
| Jokai, M. Pretty Michal. Tr. by R. N. Baim. 50c.                            | Charles Scribner's Sons.       |
| Keene, H. G. The Literature of France. \$1.                                 | Vol. IV. \$1.25.               |
| Landor, W. S. Imaginary Conversations. Ed. by C. G. Crump.                  | Macmillan & Co.                |
| Lethaby, W. R. Architecture, Mysticism and Myth. \$1.75.                    | Macmillan & Co.                |
| Mansfield, R. One Evening. Songs Grave and Gay. \$1.                        | Novello, Ewer & Co.            |
| Martha Washington Cook Book.  | F. T. Neely.                   |
| Maspero, G. Ancient Egypt and Assyria.                                      | D. Appleton & Co.              |
| McKillop, D. Shorthand and Typewriting. 40c.                                | Fowler & Wells Co.             |
| Meredith, G. The Tragic Comedians. \$1.50.                                  | Boston: Roberts Bros.          |
| Morris, W. The Story of the Glittering Plain. \$1.50.                       | Boston: Roberts Bros.          |
| New York and the World's Fair.  | Committee of Dry-Goods Trade.  |
| Education: Report of Commissioner for 1888-89. 2 vols.                      | Washington, D. C.              |
| Piner, A. W. The Cabinet Minister. \$1.25.                                  | U. S. Book Co.                 |
| Postmaster-General's Report for 1891.                                       | Washington, D. C.              |
| Ross, C. Improbable Tales. \$1.   | G. P. Putnam's Sons.           |
| Smith, J. Doubting Castle.  | John B. Alden.                 |
| St. Aubyn, A. For the Old Sake's Sake. 50c.                                 | Rand, McNally & Co.            |
| Victor, H. Mariam. \$1.50.  | Macmillan & Co.                |
| Wilcox, C. M. History of the Mexican War. Wash., D.C.: Church News Pub. Co. |                                |

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